Genl O. M. Poe

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
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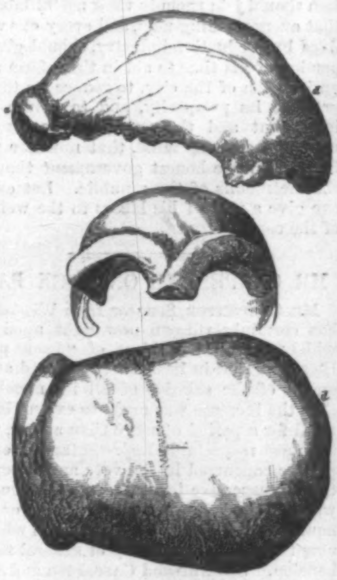
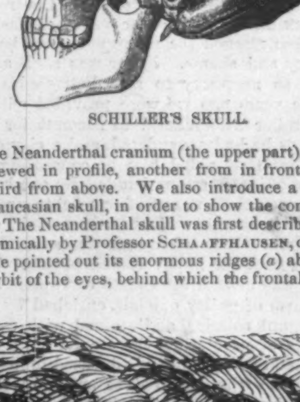
THE NEANDERTHAL MAN.

Human bones are now and then found in caves, and their occurrence, under ordinary circumstances, is not deemed a very important matter in itself; but if these remains are of undoubtedly great antiquity, and exhibit characters indicating the existence of peculiarities in the physical conformation of man in by-gone ages, their discovery becomes notable in science. Such an event happened in 1857, when accident brought the Neanderthal skeleton to light. The Neanderthal (Neander *Valley*) is a wild ravine, in Devonian limestone, in the valley of the Düssel, near Elberfeld, in Rhenish Prussia. Quarrying operations in the Neanderthal led to the exploration of a small grotto occurring in the steep southern side of the ravine, and elevated about sixty feet above the bed of the river. The grotto contained a horizontal layer of hard loam, intermixed with fragments of brown rolled gravel, a diluvial or drift deposit identical with that which occurs in all caves of the Düssel Valley, and in which the bones of extinct quadrupeds are sometimes found imbedded. In this gravelly loam of the Neanderthal grotto the workmen found, two feet below the surface, a human skeleton, which they threw out in an unceremonious way, and which doubtless would have been lost to science but for the interference of Professor Fuhlrott, of Elberfeld, who rescued from total destruction the upper part of the skull, the thigh and arm bones, a collar-bone, a portion of the pelvis, the shoulder-blade, and several fragments of the ribs. These remains are undoubtedly of the highest antiquity, possessing, in general, the same qualities which characterize the bones of the mammoth, bear, etc., occurring in the neighboring districts, and inclosed by the same diluvial loam that contained the Neanderthal skeleton. Professors Fuhlrott and Vogt, and other anthropologists, therefore conclude that the Neanderthal man lived together with the mammoth and other extinct animals of the drift period. The body had evidently been washed into the grotto with the mud and pebbles during high water, and remained there undisturbed for thousands of years, until its osseous frame was exposed in our day to the gaze of the curious.



SKULL OF NEANDERTHAL MAN.

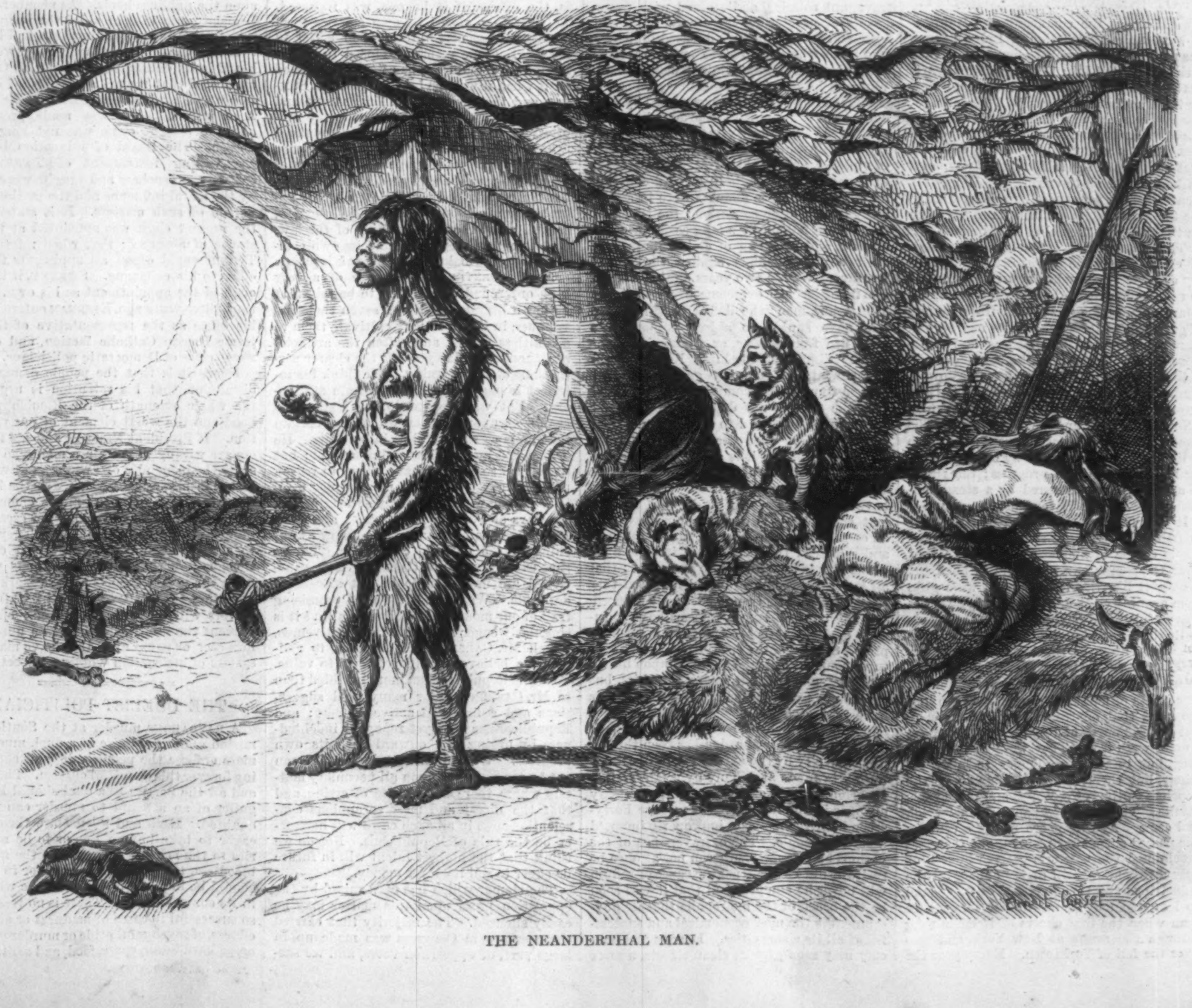
We give three views of the portion saved of the Neanderthal cranium (the upper part), one as viewed in profile, another from in front, and a third from above. We also introduce a normal Caucasian skull, in order to show the contrast.



SCHILLER'S SKULL.

The Neanderthal skull was first described anatomically by Professor Schaaffhausen, of Bonn. He pointed out its enormous ridges (*a*) above the orbit of the eyes, behind which the frontal bone is considerably depressed; its elongated, elliptical shape, narrow and low forehead, sloping occiput (*d*), and unusual thickness. The capacity of the skull has been calculated to be about equal to that of the average Polynesian and Hottentot cranium. The other bones of the skeleton were found to resemble in length those of a European of middle stature; but they are much stouter, and exhibit a greater development of the muscular ridges—peculiarities that have likewise been noticed in the limb bones of Patagonians and other savages exposed to a rigorous climate. On the whole, Professor Schaaffhausen comes to the conclusion that the individual to whom the Neanderthal skull belonged must have been distinguished by slight development of brain and uncommon strength of bodily frame. According to Professor Huxley, the skull in question is the most ape-like of the human crania yet discovered; and Professor Vogt expresses himself to the same effect by stating that it has more of the simian or monkey type than any other known race skull. Yet Huxley regards the Neanderthal bones as by no means the remains of a being intermediate between man and apes. At most, he says, they demonstrate the existence of a man whose skull may be said to revert somewhat to the pithecoid or ape type. Both Huxley and Vogt detect in the Neanderthal skull an approximation to the cranial formation of the Australians.

There are no indications that the skull has undergone any change by artificial means during the infancy of the individual; nor does the view advanced by Dr. Barnard Davis, that it is merely an abnormal relic, seem to have found much favor. Cranial deformations are, and



THE NEANDERTHAL MAN.

doubtless always were, exceptional cases; and it would be a strange accident indeed if this skull belonged to that class, only a few being known that are claimed to be of diluvial or drift origin. The probability is far greater that it presents a typical formation. Dr. Pruner-Bey, finally, has tried to prove its identity with the skulls of Celts, "whose moral qualities and manly courage," says Mr. Figuier, "make Frenchmen proud to call themselves their descendants."

The opinions of anthropologists, it will be seen from the preceding statements, diverge widely in regard to the skull in question. All admit its high antiquity; but as no bones of extinct animals were found *immediately* associated with it, some doubt whether it really dates as far back as the drift. Yet, however divided the views of *savants* may be, the artist, whose drawing we present to the reader, has followed his own judgment in giving an ideal representation of the Neanderthal man. A more ferocious-looking, gorilla-like human being can hardly be imagined. The savage stands, almost in the attitude of an ape, before his den, where his female companion is seen slumbering, enveloped by shaggy furs. Always ready for attack or defense, he holds in his hand a hatchet of primitive character, consisting of a chipped flint set in a wooden handle; his spear, likewise armed with a flint blade, leans against the rock. A bull's skull and other bones, one of them a split marrow-bone, attest the wild man's success as a hunter. Thus is supposed to have lived the contemporary of the mammoth!

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, July 19, 1873.

☞ With this Number of Harper's Weekly our readers will receive gratuitously a beautifully illustrated

EIGHT-PAGE SUPPLEMENT,

containing another installment of Lord Lytton's new Novel, "The Parisians," two splendid engravings, "Chatterton discovered by his Mother" and "In the Shooting-Gallery;" besides other pictorial attractions, and a large and choice variety of reading matter.

An illustrated Eight-page Supplement will also be sent out gratuitously with the next Number of the Weekly.

ANOTHER INDEPENDENCE-DAY.

When, at the command of Washington, the Declaration of Independence was read to the assembled army at New York in the hot days of July, 1776, some faint hearts in the ranks were heard to murmur, "Now we have undone ourselves." Then, as now, there were some who doubted the value of freedom, and who feared the power of its foes. But a cheer of joy broke from the vast majority of the soldiers, that was never hushed amidst all the pains, the disappointments, and the sorrows of a prolonged struggle for independence, that was raised anew on the frosty battle-fields of Princeton and of Trenton, and that broke into wild shouts of exultation when Yorktown fell. That cry of hope and joy has never since ceased to echo over mankind; and each returning Fourth of July, covered with fresh sources of gratitude to those who made us free, and of new resolutions to preserve and make more than ever priceless the bounteous gift of liberty which they alone have bestowed, kindles a warmer impulse of patriotism. No one any longer murmurs along the ranks, "Now we have undone ourselves." The discontented are at least silenced; the value of liberty has been proved by nearly a hundred years of national progress; the rights of man have been assured by a steady advance toward equality and perfect union.

It was the momentous trait of the first Fourth of July that it reversed forever the whole course of human thought. To that hour the people had been held in bondage. Whatever liberties they enjoyed were gifts from a ruling caste or a reigning tyrant. It was with humble submission that the people of England accepted the benefactions of the house of Tudor or the house of Hanover, of Elizabeth or George. There seemed no manliness left in human nature, and the great mass of mankind were content to kiss the hand that oppressed and robbed them. But at the Fourth of July the people sprang up and were free. They were no longer to obey, but to rule; no longer to labor for others, but themselves; no more to be the hopeless victims of ceaseless and intolerable insults. The hour of human emancipation had come. And although nearly a century has passed since Washington and Congress proclaimed the new era, yet the Fourth of July awakens a thrill of joy among all the industrious and the oppressed of every land no less real and of far higher importance than when the first cheers of freedom rang through the ranks at New York, and rose over the fall of Yorktown. Every year the impulse toward independence widens. Every year the declaration of the rights of man is heard by a still wider audience. All England, Italy, France, and Spain are slowly learning its lessons. Not many now doubt the right of the people to rule, and the people are eager to be taught the art of ruling with sobriety. Through all civilized nations there are but two parties. One, turning backward, seeks to bury its followers in a new barbarism; would silence the press and close the public school; would rule the world by priests and princes; would have cried had it stood in the ranks as the Declaration of Independence was read, "Now they have undone us;" would convert the people once more into serfs, and rulers into tyrants; hates with all the intensity of envious weakness and degradation the higher path of civilization into which all nations are entering, and if it dared would rend into a thousand fragments the flag and the institutions of freedom. The other, by far the most numerous, gathers around Washington, and cheers with superhuman joy at the opening of a new era. There is gladness in the heart of honest labor and self-denying toil. German and Scandinavian, Celt and Saxon, have heard that they are free. The hosts of Europe mingle with all that is honest and faithful in America in celebrating the birth of independence; and amidst the universal joy is heard the murmur of traitors and imbeciles, "Now they have undone us."

THE CONTROLLER'S REPORT.

For the first time for many years the city of New York has witnessed a real reduction of its taxes, and perfect honesty in the management of its financial affairs. With a courage and an intelligent resolution quite unequaled in the history of cities, Controller Green has brought order out of confusion, and has rescued the metropolis from bankruptcy and shame. Never was such a reform so necessary to any distressed city. Three years ago we were provided with a Controller who refused to account for the moneys he had squandered, and a city government that aided him in concealing all traces of its enormous frauds. No one knew what was the amount of our debt; no one seemed to care how the resources of the city were wasted, or what immense sums were stolen from the impoverished people. The press was bribed, the courts corrupted, and a swarm of guilty officials, enriched by extravagant salaries, and stained with every species of peculation, threatened with violence and the tyranny of a debased judiciary every one who ventured to speak of their misdeeds. Mr. Green boldly defied them all. When he began his extraordinary labors, it is safe to say that he was surrounded by such dangers as few financial reformers have encountered. The guilty men who were arrayed against him were accustomed to deeds of violence, and would shrink from no means of concealing their crimes or of destroying an adversary. The finances were in apparently irremediable confusion; the traces of fraud were hidden by a long series of acute devices, and a throng of claimants pressed their unjust demands against the empty treasury. Within two years our indefatigable financier has overcome every obstacle. The guilty men who defied or threatened him have sunk into abject despondence, have fled from justice, or are awaiting the slow retribution of the law. Nearly all the departments of the city government are purged from their accomplices. We believe that the time is not distant when no one who may be supposed to have shared their favors will sit upon the bench or hold a public office. But it is a remarkable proof of the rare abilities of our Controller and the resolution of the people that the city finances have been so soon retrieved; that fraudulent contractors have been punished, and an endless number of false claims examined and rejected; that the whole indebtedness of the city is now known to every one; that all its expenses are provided for; and that the rate of taxation can be honestly reduced.

Many of Mr. Green's reforms have naturally excited the hostility of the opposition press. Several of the city journals have ventured some hesitating strictures upon his recent statement of our financial affairs, but we believe the great majority of the citizens have that perfect confidence in his honesty and ability which his difficult services have deserved. A heavy burden has been thrown upon the city by the extraordinary waste of the State funds at Albany by a late administration. A part of the cost of the necessary changes in the railway tracks above Forty-second Street has been improperly imposed upon the people. The extravagance of the various city departments can not at once be restrained. Yet we trust the cause of reform will never be stopped, and that it will soon be the boast of the metropolis that its government is the most economical and successful of all its sister cities. Energy and honesty may soon give us clean streets, a more perfect police, a wiser administration of the Department of Charities and Correction, and a gradual removal of all those abuses that have driven commerce from our wharves, and exiled a large population to the surrounding cities.

There is no doubt that a complete change is necessary in our method of taxation. A new and honest valuation of all the real and personal property of the city should at once be made. The discrepancy in the assessments of the upper and lower wards should no longer be suffered to exist. Equal justice should be done to all. And we believe that by an equitable valuation of property now but partially taxed the rate of the whole community might be steadily lowered. One chief cause of extraordinary expense is the prevalence of pauperism and crime. Both may be diminished by enforcing general education. But we think the chief lesson taught by the success of Mr. Green and his fellow-reformers is that the people in future, throwing aside the idle prejudices of party, should unite in carrying on the work which our reformers have so vigorously begun; that every honest citizen should join them in their useful labors; that every working-man, and every one who lives by productive industry, should give a portion of his time to aid in the reform and purification of the city, to reduce its taxes, promote its prosperity, and to assure the immigrant and the stranger, the foreign merchant and capitalist, that nowhere will he find a more honest government than in the metropolis of the republic. Let every one give a part of his labors to the welfare of the community.

MR. CARPENTER ON BACK PAY.

Mr. Carpenter, Senator from Wisconsin, has certainly thrown new light upon the widely discussed subject of "back pay." He shows that in 1856 Congress voted an increase of the salaries of all its members, that the increase was made to extend backward for a period of more than a year, that the most respectable Representatives of all parties concurred in the vote and accepted the retrospective increase, and that no one was rebuked by his constituents or denounced by the press for doing then what is now thought to be worthy of general reprehension. Seward and Cass, Fish and Sumner, joined in taking the enlarged salary for their whole terms. And in 1866, he tells us, the offense, if it be one, was repeated. Congress then raised its own salaries from the beginning of its term from $3000 to $5000. But one member refused to accept the increase, and even he afterward applied for it when it was too late. Again Mr. Sumner and the Republicans, Mr. Bayard and the Democrats, felt no doubt as to the propriety of the measure. No one denounced it as robbery, or felt any pains of conscience from the unexpected gains. The press was silent, the people acquiesced, and the precedent seems perfectly established by the approbation of persons of the highest integrity, as well as by the strict reading of the law, that Congress may determine its own compensation, and make it retroactive if it please.

Mr. Carpenter's talents are of a very high order, and we are glad to be told that he has a literary library of seven thousand volumes, in which he may cultivate them to a limitless extent, and soften the artificial acuteness of the lawyer into the clearer perceptions of real learning. We think his intellect is one that will not remain stationary. But with regard to the rest of his argument upon salaries, we are not certain that he is as successful as in his facts. He is justified by both law and precedent; but since 1856 the people have begun to reason upon all questions upon much wider principles than were commonly entertained in the days of Polk or Buchanan; and since 1866 there has been an extraordinary awakening of the national conscience. Things that even Seward or Cass may have sanctioned are now seen to be not altogether desirable. We think it the most promising trait of our modern Republicanism that it is singularly eager to learn. Its sensitiveness, which Mr. Carpenter is inclined to ridicule, we believe he will yet come to value. To few is Republicanism more indebted than to Mr. Carpenter for many bold suggestions and a firm and active support; and Republicanism may yet repay its indebtedness by urging him onward with its own progress. We think that legislators can not be too sensitive upon all pecuniary matters where there is a chance of erring, and that the nicest and most scrupulous conscientiousness in all such cases will hereafter be the rule of Republicans. Nor do we think that the highest talent will in future be eager to sell itself for money.

The clamor which has been raised by the opposition press upon this matter may be easily silenced. The majority that carried the measure in Congress was made up, in large part, of opposition votes, and we suspect the people will not attribute any nice sense of honor or of honesty to journals that have been the allies of the dangerous classes in all sections of the Union. But the resolutions of the Republican conventions in the extreme East and the farthest West have denounced the practice of Congress, and the precedents of 1856 and 1866 will no longer serve to defend it. We agree with Mr. Carpenter that the present salary allowed members of Congress is not large, as compared with the profits of other occupations. Mechanics and traders, lawyers, and even clergymen, often earn more. No one who is anxious to make money alone should seek a seat in Congress; no one who is ambitious should join a body where he will probably be lost in a throng; but he who is willing to labor modestly and faithfully for the welfare of his fellow-men is alone fitted to enter our legislative bodies. We believe that the age of selfish and worthless "great men" has passed away with that of chivalry, and that the pure lives of our Republican leaders will continue to excite the shame, and perhaps touch the consciences, of the followers of Tweed or Davis.

AN EDUCATIONAL DISASTER.

The action of the majority of the Board of Education in leaving its most important affairs in the control of its present clerk must arouse the most painful suspicions as to the sincerity of its active members. In vain Mr. Cushing and all the Commissioners who sincerely advocate reform have moved for the dismissal of the clerk, the commencement of a new administration; in vain have the people demanded that the board should be purified from every stain left by its corrupt predecessor. With a singular persistence, President Neilson and the majority have stood by the doubtful official. The president evidently did not dare to advocate his discharge: all his friends have steadily lent Kiernan their influence. It is the president of the board who is chiefly responsible for the contempt of the popular feeling, and the plain triumph of the Roman Catholic priesthood; for the aim of Mr. Cushing and the reformers is to make the board wholly non-sectarian, and of the president to confirm the influence of the foreign Church.

The clerk, whose dismissal the reformers demand, is, and has ever been, the favorite agent of the priesthood in all their assaults upon the public schools. As member of the Legislature in 1869, he aided the removal of the elective Board of Education, and helped to silence the few honest voices that were yet heard in its discussions. Mayor Hall then appointed that remarkable board of educators whose leaders were Sands and Smyth. A Roman Catholic was made president, and the present clerk was not long after chosen. The Board of Education became the willing instrument of Tweed and Sweeny. Teachers and taught were ruled by the moral influence and the perilous despotism of such masters. It is stated that the present clerk was appointed at the instance of Sweeny; that when referred to, Tweed would direct all applicants for the office to his colleague. Sweeny, it is said, claimed the appointment as his own. And thus, three years ago, Kiernan entered upon his office as the representative of the extreme Roman Catholic faction, and of the worst class of Democratic politicians.

Hence it is that the people demand his dismission, that his retention is urged by the whole strength of the Romish priesthood and the worst element of our population. If President Neilson and his followers are willing to sustain a man who represents the principles of Tweed and Sweeny, and who for so many years was the instrument of the fallen faction, the enemies of education, they will certainly not escape the indignation of the community. They make themselves sharers in all the past corruptions, and will inflict a dangerous wound upon the public schools of New York. We hope that Mr. Cushing and his faithful supporters will never cease in their effort to prevent the fatal intrigues of an unscrupulous sect, or pause until they have made our system of instruction wholly non-sectarian.

THE DUELIST POLITICIAN.

A barbarous murder at the South, committed under the guise of a duel, must once more enforce the people's duty of suppressing forever this shameful custom. That each and all the parties to a duel should be held guilty of an attempt to murder can not be doubted. Each and all declare themselves eager to take human life, or to be accessories to the crime. Even where the affair is bloodless, ten years of hard labor in prison should be imposed upon every one who aids in its consummation. There is no treatment so successful in cases of madness or of wickedness, of revengeful pride or murderous honor, as hard labor, spare food, and solitary reflection. Those who are eager to take life, whose temper will be satisfied with nothing but bloodshed, should be shut up in solitary imprisonment, and cooled by rigid years of abstinence and toil. But for him who calmly shoots down his opponent on what he claims to be the field of honor the law should reserve its most awful punishment. What better is the murdering duelist—or, rather, how infinitely more guilty—than he who strikes down his enemy with a car-hook, or shoots him amidst the splendid halls of a Grand Hotel? We hope that the laws of Louisiana will be so enforced as to convince its people that they need fear no toleration for this fearful practice, and that its rulers are resolved to make their city and State a safe abode for civilized men.

The laws against dueling have seldom been enforced. Yet the practice is one that is murder in its worst form, that seeks to cultivate the passion for bloodshed in the minds of the young. Dueling sprang up in the Dark Ages: it was the favorite crime of chivalry, and a result of that stolid brutality which made the knights of the early period robbers, ravishers, and thieves. The rational people of Greece and Rome never practiced this crime except on the fields of battle, and it is wholly of modern birth. Dueling and the point of honor became the trait of a gentleman of the feudal times: the uncomfortable privilege was never vouchsafed to a serf. It survived in all its vigor in the last century; it was renewed in the present. In Ireland and France, where the traits of barbarism seem to linger longest, dueling attained a terrible prevalence. The heroes of society were or are those who had murdered most of their contemporaries. O'Connell had killed his man; the Duke of Wellington felt the Irish blood blaze within him until he had wounded his opponent. The criminal custom was imported into America. Hamilton and Hamilton's son were the victims of the evil passion. It became the ruling vice of the slave-holders, and the diseased fury of their uncultivated minds has culminated in the recent murder in Louisiana.

We should scarcely care to mingle a single political reflection with the deeds of this unhappy man, yet no one can now fail to remember that his active pen instigated and aided the insurrectionary party in New Orleans, and encouraged M'Enery and his followers in their violent deeds. He was and is the editor of the New Orleans *Picayune*. His journal has spared no effort to awaken civil war in Louisiana. To its insane fury is due the massacre at Colfax and the woes of thousands. No more cold and fearful defenses of monstrous crimes were ever penned than those that have filled the columns of this Democratic journal. It has told with strange exultation horrors over which civilization wept, and now its editor has shown in the murder of his friend the spirit that animated his writings. The moral is plain. If such mad men lead the opposition party at the South, the life of no white or colored Republican is safe. It may be that the supremacy of the law and of the nation will at last be recognized in Louisiana.

THE LIBERTY OF THE PRESS.

M'Mahon's government, not trusting altogether to the sword, has endeavored to control the pen. Its private circular to the préfets has been made public by Gambetta and Thiers, and was received with shouts of excitement in the unpopular Assembly. Although customary with most previous French ministries, these secret instructions seem to have been composed with such unprecedented plainness as to prevent all mistake as to their meaning. The journals are supposed all to have their price, or at least an effort is to be made to bribe them all. They are to be tempted by news, official notice, and the favor of the government. "Learn their price," exclaims this blunt circular. "Establish friendly relations with the press." And the fate of the *Corsaire* may have been designed to show the reverse of the medal—to terrify those who could not be bought. Yet the whole incident, almost ludicrous, if it were not so full of dangerous significance, so suggestive of the practices of two empires, shows that in France the power of the press is felt to be mightier than ever before, and that the voice of the people must be silenced by bribes or threats before M'Mahon and the Bourbons can reign at ease.

The example of France may instruct our own legislators, and the debates in the Pennsylvania Constitutional Convention on the liberty of the press show that M'Mahon's fear of the outspoken voice of the whole community is shared by some of our own politicians. They are as eager to silence the newspapers as a French préfet. Mr. Buckalew was unwilling to allow the truth to be put in evidence in criminal prosecutions for libel; he was afraid of scandal. Mr. Macveagh thought the fear of slander kept honorable men out of politics. One member was afraid of having his domestic privacy invaded; another would draw a veil over all the affairs of private life. The provision as passed by the Convention seems scarcely to have satisfied the press, or to have relieved it from its restrictions. If, as a member (Mr. Smith, of Alleghany) stated, no newspaper in Pennsylvania dares to tell the truth—that if it knows that A B has robbed the public treasury of $5000 by fraudulent practices it must not say so—there is a clear necessity for immediate reform; and we think the confused and imperfect amendment which has been adopted by the Convention will scarcely remove the discontent of the community. The fear of slander is cowardice; nor was any honest man's reputation ever injured by the most minute examination of his private life.

We fear that many of the evils under which society suffers—the growth of public robbery, the rule of vicious men, the deceptions practiced upon the majority by Tweeds and Sweenys—have sprung from the barbarous restrictions that every where prevail upon the freedom of the press, the custom of hiding what ought to be told, and of suppressing what ought never to be concealed. Every man should live like Drusus, with the eyes of the people always upon him. The only rule for the control of the press is that it should be held to speak the truth as far as possible. The truth should be a complete answer to a libel suit in Europe and America. The criminal action should be abolished, and the only remedy allowed should be the action for civil damages. It is ridiculous that we should permit restrictions upon the liberty of the press to exist which were devised in the most barbarous periods of European history; that we should, even in New York, suffer persons to be thrown into prison who have only repeated what every one knew, as happened in a recent insurance case; that in Pennsylvania no editor should dare to tell the truth; or that in England the law of libel should prevail with a severity that conceals the misdeeds of all public men. The press can not be said to have attained true liberty until it has been freed from all barbarous restraints, and is ruled only by the refinement of intelligent good nature.

PERSONAL.

The publication of William Howard Russell's letters in the New York *Times* recalls an incident mentioned in Colonel Forney's interesting *Anecdotes of Public Men*, just published by the Harpers. One evening at Colonel F.'s lodgings, in Washington, in 1861, while he was Clerk of the House of Representatives, Mr. Russell was present, as were General Cameron, then Secretary of War; Caleb N. Smith, Secretary of the Interior; Robert J. Walker, George D. Prentice, and Edwin M. Stanton. In the course of the evening—presumably a hilarious one—the *Star-spangled Banner* was sung (this was before the peculiar institution was got rid of), and Russell joined in the chorus in a loud voice, singing, "The land of the free and the home of *the slave*."

—The anniversary of the battle of Bunker Hill, June 17, was a memorable day in the history of the late C. L. Vallandigham. On that day he ran the blockade at Charleston on a Confederate steamer, on that day he arrived at his home in Dayton, on his return, and on that day he accidentally inflicted on himself the wound of which he died.

—In connection with the murder of Judge Cooley by Colonel Rhett, on the 1st inst., it is pleasant and consolatory to know that after Rhett had taken deliberate aim at the judge's heart and killed him, that "the gentlemen engaged in the affair exchanged the usual civilities, and separated with the expression of mutual respect and consideration." What a relief that must have been to Rhett, and what a solace to him for the rest of his life! They put Cooley's body on the floor of the baggage car, and brought him home.

—The common assassins of New York are treated with less courtesy than is extended to the same grade of malefactor in Maine. The papers state that when Wagner, the Isle of Shoals murderer, entered the court-room to be tried, his manner was dignified and pleasing. The handcuffs having been removed from his wrists, he cordially shook hands all around, his face beaming with a pleasant smile.

—Mr. L. Owen Pike is about to publish, in London, a book that will try to show that not only have crimes of violence and rapine diminished with the progress of civilization, but also the meaner and more crafty crimes, such as theft, forgery, and poisoning.

—General Phil Sheridan, recently made an LL.D. by the wild enthusiasm of a New England college, received the honor, it is believed, on account of his knowledge of cannon law.

—Mr. S. C. Hall, believing that genius and gin do not necessarily go together any more than rum and reason or whisky and wit, has written a temperance poem, which will soon be published in London under the title of *The Trial of Sir Jasper*. It will be illustrated by Doré, Cruikshank, Poole, Faed, Tenniel, and others eminent in the art of making marks with pencils.

—Mr. A. L. Train, who for six years past, as its editor, has made the New Haven *Palladium* one of the brightest papers in New England, has withdrawn from the establishment, and sold his share of the stock to Mr. N. D. Sperry.

—Bret Harte has visited the house used as Washington's head-quarters at Morristown, New Jersey, which was sold without quarter on the 25th ult. Mr. Harte expresses with diffidence the opinion that the adult American who has not at some time stood beneath the same roof that once sheltered the Father of his Country is to be pitied and feared, and must be inwrought with moral turpitude. Such a person may, indeed, offer as an excuse that he has sat in a chair once occupied by G. W., that he has drunk from a mug once used by ditto, or that he has in extreme youth talked with an aged person who remembers the same; but these acts are simply despicable compared with the head-quarters business. So Mr. Harte went to the quarters, entered the reception-room where the F. of his C. saw folks, into the bedroom where he had his quiet snore, the office where he wrote, the dining-room in which he ate the comforting beet, the consolatory turnip, and the invigorating chop. Afterward Mr. H. looked quietly into the glass where Washington shaved, and later in the day, softened and subdued, returned to his own home. It was to a certain extent sad—the trip was—yet we hope to see it "embalmed in verse" hereafter to the extent of $50 worth, which, we believe, is about Mr. Harte's figure for a five-verse poem.

—The Springfield (Massachusetts) *Union* says: "The projected building of separate schools for Catholic children in this city, of which the details are published in another column, brings the community face to face with the question of sectarian school education. If the Catholics educate their children in private schools, they will shortly be heard demanding a share of the school money; for why, they will say, should we pay for public schools of which we do not avail ourselves? The withdrawal of the Catholic children from our public schools and their segregation in sectarian institutions is the entering wedge, of which the disruption and destruction of our public-school system will be the speedy and inevitable result."

—The hierarchy should feel under mountainous obligation to the editor of the Louisville *Courier-Journal* for his fine theological hit in reference to the $21,000 due on salary to Bishop Kip from the diocese of California. It thinks that Bishop Kip should let the defaulting portion of his diocese feel a vigorous application of his Kip and sole leather combined; for if they don't take better care of their Kip, how can they expect their souls to be cared for?

—The late James M. Waterbury, of Brooklyn, who died a millionaire and a bachelor, left $50,000 in perpetuity for the benefit of the poor of the Eastern District of that city, the usufruct to be administered by his executors and their successors forever. This, we believe, is the first specific bequest of the kind that has been made in Brooklyn.

—Since M. Littré, the famous free-thinker, and author of the famous dictionary, has been publicly received as a member of the Academy of France, Bishop Dupanloup has ceased to attend, and on the occasion of his reception both Thiers and the Duc d'Aumale were absent. Guizot, aged eighty-six, is now the oldest member.

—Commissioner Van Nort, the first of his race who has ever accomplished the feat, has informed the Controller that he has on hand an unexpended balance of $369,000, which may go into the general fund, and to that amount reduce the taxation for the coming year. It's something to have saved for the city a trifle over $1000 a day.

—Prince Bismarck's proposed press law for Germany is called "a lash tipped with scorpions." By it an editor is liable to be imprisoned for two years for publishing any thing which may be opposed to the principles of "political order." Bismarck's pushing of the bill seems a confession that the enthusiasm consequent upon German unity is on the wane, and there are few men more far-sighted than the imperial adviser. Already the Germans are beginning to feel the print of the iron heel—the burden of a despotic and all-pervading organization preparing with a wisdom incident to the times to make a fierce battle for life when the day of popular condemnation shall come.

—The Old Catholic leader, Maassen, Professor of Roman and Canon Law in the University of Vienna, has been elected to the rank of ordinary member of the Historical and Philosophical section of the Academy of Sciences. He was before a corresponding member.

—Dickens once stated that the first Napoleon caused more deaths than all the earthquakes since Noah. The cupidity of ship-owners and the supineness of sailors have lost more ships and lives than all the storms that ever blew; the filthy state of our cities, among them New York, sends more souls to Hades than all put together. Oh that there could arise some man who would become a great official besom, so far as the cleansing of our streets is concerned!

—Hon. Sidney Breese, though seventy-three years old this present month, has been re-elected Chief Justice of Illinois. Judge B. has been known for many years as "the upright judge." He was born in Oneida County, in this State, but removed to Illinois immediately after leaving college. Fifty-one years ago he was appointed State Attorney, and from that time to the present has been almost continuously in the public service. He was a member of the United States Senate from 1843 to 1849, afterward Speaker of the Illinois Legislature, and in 1855 was made Chief Justice of the State, and has since then held that position.

—M'Mahon seems to be acting upon the maxim, "The pen is mightier than the sword." Already he has five journalists in his cabinet, and there is no knowing where the old gentleman will stop.

—M. Félix Pyat, whose whereabouts so long puzzled the minions of the French police, has turned up in London, and may be daily seen at that asylum for exploded and expatriated politicians—the British Museum. The trouble with Pyat was that he wished to dispose of himself for more than his actual market value; and then he talked too much.

—It is reported by persons supposed to be in the confidence of the President that he has intimated his intention of appointing to the Chief Justiceship of the United States Supreme Court one of the following-named gentlemen: William M. Evarts, Benjamin R. Curtis, E. R. Hoar, or Attorney-General Williams.

—Mr. Francis Millet, of Bridgeport, Connecticut, has again carried off the first honors of the "Académie Royale des Beaux Arts" of Antwerp, in receiving the gold medal, "Le premier prix d'excellence de l'enseignement supérieur de peinture et dessin." Last year Mr. Millet took the first prize in the intermediate class, and now to receive the gold medal is something never before attained by any student in the history of the Academy.

—The Shah is said to be getting disgusted with being led hither and thither by the potentates of Europe, whom he regards as the "very weakest of tea," and therefore refuses flatly to yield to many of the etiquettes of lords of high degree. Mr. Gladstone very wisely determined to let the "puny Persian prince" have his own way, and so, in London at least, he is having a fairish time incog.

—The chemists of England are stirring themselves to aid in the erection of a memorial to Liebig; and the movement has already reached such proportions as to give assurance of entire success.

—Mr. Corcoran, of Washington, never weary in well-doing, whose gifts for benevolent purposes seem to be constantly increasing in number, has just given a lot of land worth $30,000 for a new church building for Ascension Church in that city.

—Mr. Disraeli is reported to have said that if not made Premier of England the coming autumn, he will visit the United States, and go around the globe from San Francisco, by way of China and Siberia.

—Mr. Bright is said now to be in pretty good health, and has some hopes of being able at some time during the session to take a more active part in Parliament. Once recently he came to the House determined and prepared to speak, but at the last moment his courage gave way. "If I might speak sitting down" (as Senator Morton is allowed to do), "I could do it, but I can not stand up for the time necessary to make a speech in the House."

—Lord Chief Justice Cockburn, for whom Mr. Caleb Cushing has recently developed so warm an interest, has made a little joke. A Mrs. Jury, being examined as a witness in the Tichborne case, stated that she had had eleven children, whereupon my lord observed he had always understood it took twelve to make a jury. And all England went into laughter at this enormous pleasantry.

—It was believed that the venerable Enos T. Throop, of Cayuga County, New York, was the oldest man living who had been a member of Congress. He entered that body in 1816. It turns out that Judge George Robertson, of Kentucky, was also a member of Congress in 1816, and is the only surviving member of the Congress of 1820, known as the Missouri Compromise Congress. Judge Robertson is now in the eighty-fourth year of his age.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

The international billiard tournament recently held in this city for the championship of the world resulted in favor of Albert Garnier. Second upon the list is Cyrille Dion, and third, Maurice Daly.

Governor Dix has signed the new charter for the city of Brooklyn, and has vetoed the New York and Brooklyn Bridge bill, and the Washington Market bill. The Governor has signed altogether 862 bills, and vetoed ninety-one.

The Indian Peace Commissioners, after a council with the Sioux, declare the reports of danger to the whites from them utterly false.

A bill forbidding circuses to enter the State was introduced into the New Hampshire House on the 1st inst., and referred to a committee.

Ex-Judge W. H. Cooley was killed in a duel by Colonel R. B. Rhett, Jun., editor of the New Orleans *Picayune*, near Bay St. Louis, on the 1st inst. The difficulty arose from the publication of a letter directed to the murderer by the deceased relative to a libel suit in which Mr. Rhett was the defendant and Judge Cooley counsel for the plaintiff.

The alumni of Williams College have decided against the admission of women to that institution.

A terrific tornado passed over portions of Kansas on the 2d inst., and also over St. Louis and Cincinnati, causing great destruction of houses, barns, and crops.

The business portion of Belleville, New Jersey, was destroyed by fire on the 2d inst., involving a loss of $30,000.

Frank Walworth, who killed his father recently in this city, was found guilty of murder in the second degree by a jury of the Court of Oyer and Terminer on the 2d inst.

The "Fourth" was celebrated in the usual manner in this city, with as many if not more than the customary line of accidents from the careless use of powder. Two murders also occurred to add to the excitement of the day, both of them due to the inordinate use of whisky.

The Connecticut State Senate has passed a resolution condemning the Congressional back pay bill.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Sir Samuel Baker, the African explorer, reported himself at Khartoom, May 29, in good health.

The Shah of Persia visited the Crystal Palace at London on the 4th inst.

A meeting held in London, presided over by the Earl of Shaftesbury, has protested against the introduction of the confessional into the Church of England.

The Bank of England forgers have been fully committed for trial.

President M'Mahon has recommended the pardon of well-behaved Communist prisoners. The National Assembly has declined to consider the constitutional bills sent in by M. Thiers when President.

The Spanish government sends salutations to Cuba and Porto Rico, and assures them that the integrity of Spanish territory is to be maintained. In response the insurgents are called on to lay down their arms and aid the mother republic. The Cortes has approved the bill conferring extraordinary powers upon the government. This action has led to the withdrawal of the Irreconcilable deputies and some disorder in the streets. The troops have accordingly been ordered to occupy strategical points. Government soldiers whose terms have expired are to be discharged, with the offer of two reals per day to re-enlist. The Constituent Committee has completed the draft of the new federal constitution for Spain, by which a single term of four years is fixed for the Presidency.

The Emperor of Austria is to visit the Czar in December.

The Chinese have captured Momeit, a capital town of Burmah, northeast of Ava. The place was carried by assault, and large numbers of the defenders and inhabitants were slain.

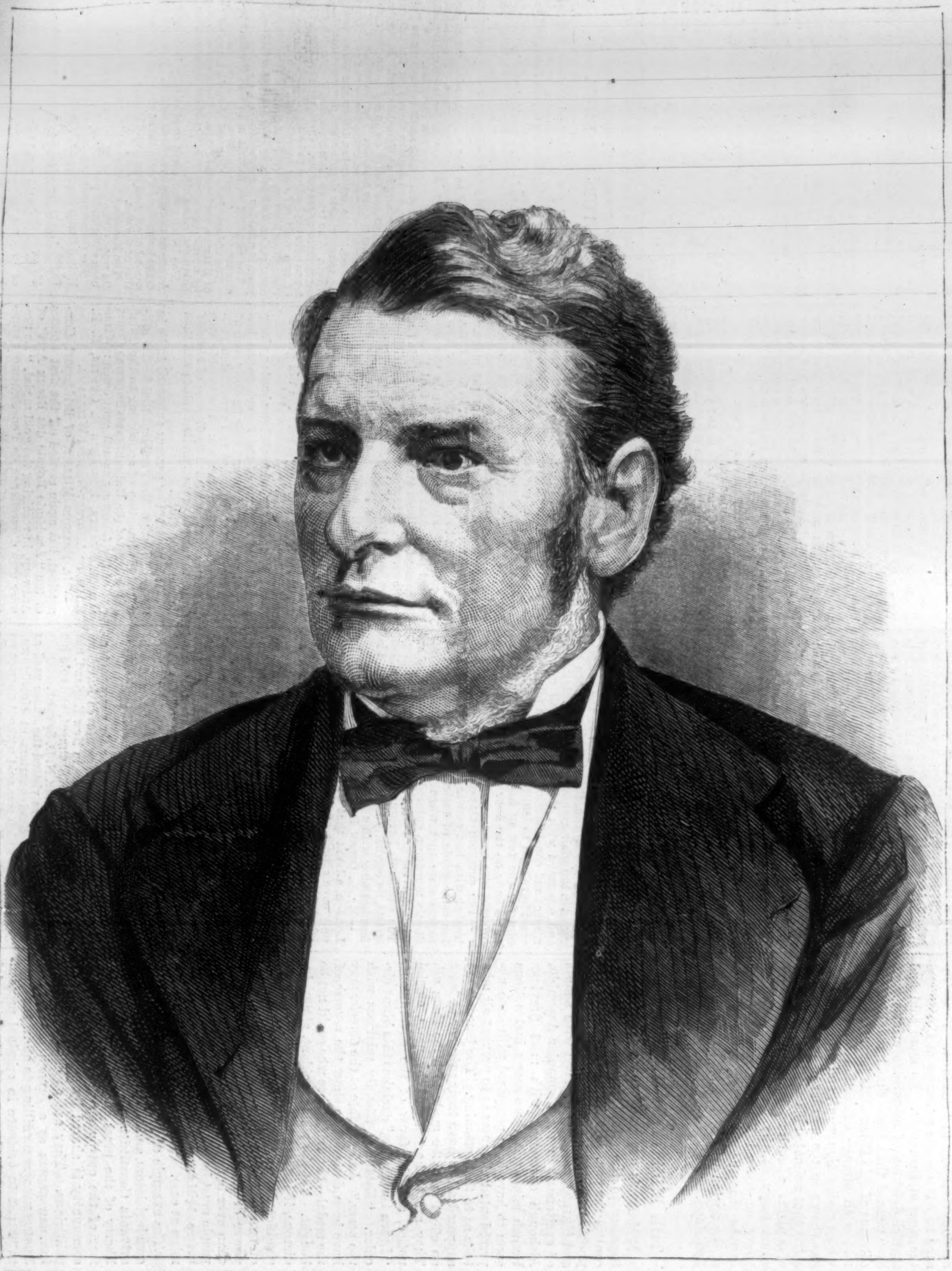
The Dutch government emphatically denies that the Achenese troubles have been settled. It is willing to make honorable terms, but not the ones proposed. A second expedition has been furnished for the prosecution of the war.

The Russian government pledges itself to withdraw its troops from Khiva as soon as the Khan shall have been sufficiently punished.

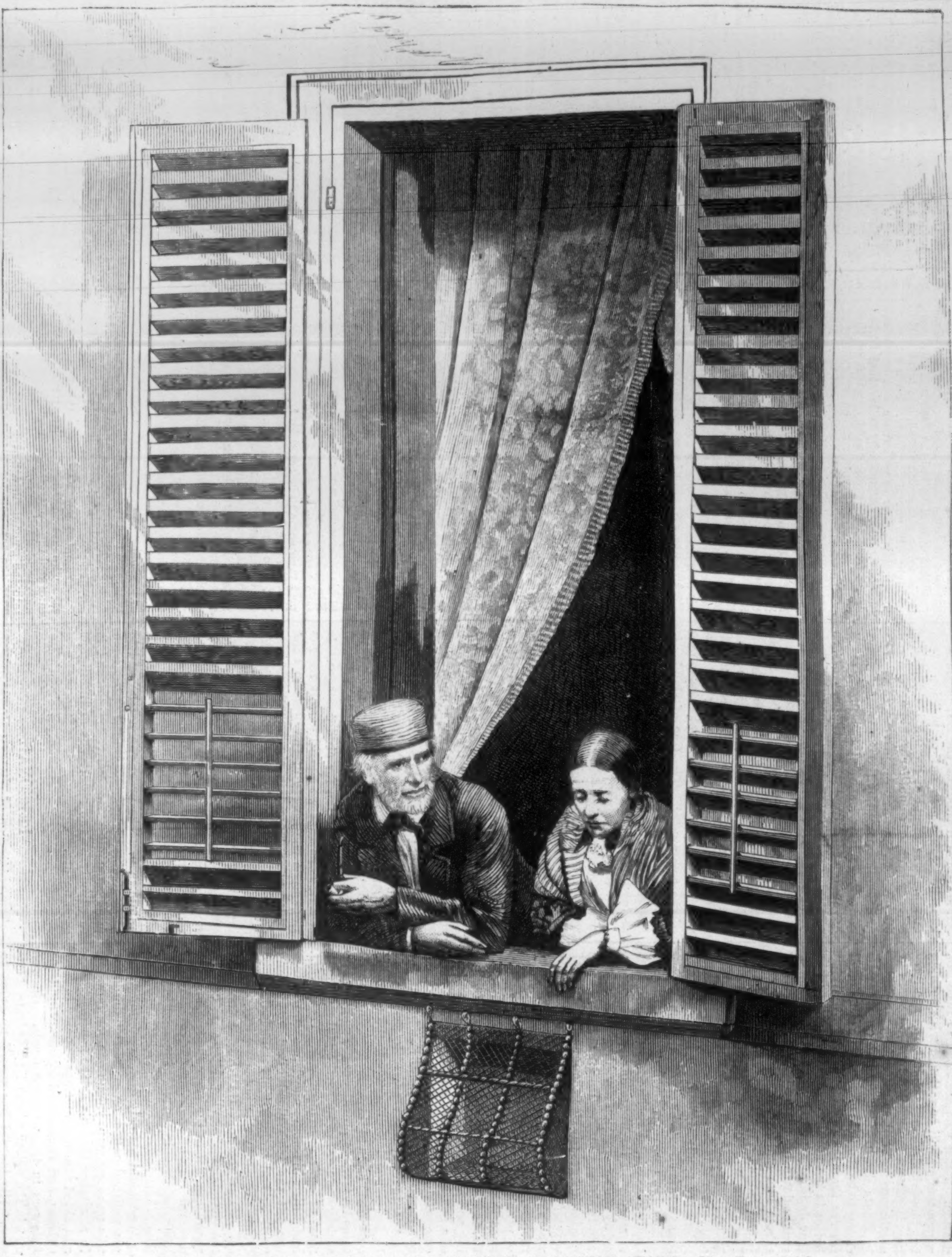
The German government has invested $10,000,000 in United States bonds, mostly in the five per cent. funded loan.

Eight thousand weavers in Berlin are on a strike for higher wages.

Minghetti having failed to form a cabinet, the King of Italy has called Count de Cambray-Digny to the work.



THE HON. NOAH DAVIS, JUDGE OF THE SUPREME COURT OF NEW YORK.—Phot. by E. W. Bogardus.—[See Page 621.]



THE LATE HIRAM POWERS AND HIS WIFE, FLORENCE, ITALY.—[See Page 622.]

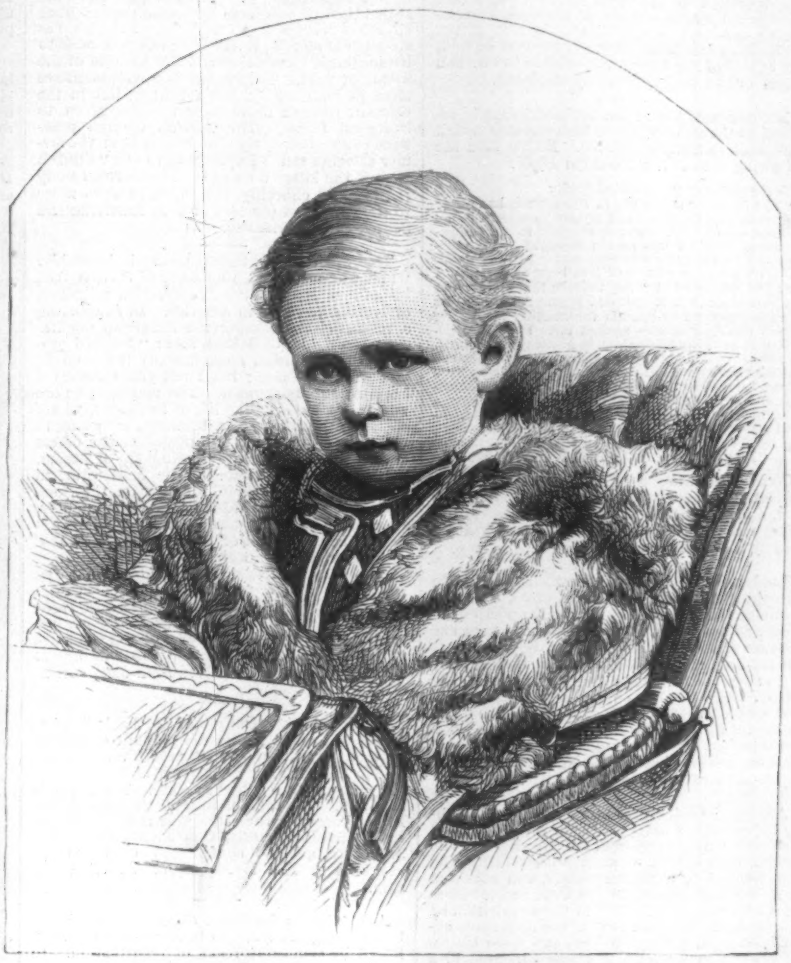
PRINCE FREDERICK WILLIAM OF HESSE.

THE accompanying beautiful and pathetic poem, by the author of *John Halifax, Gentleman*, was suggested by the fatal accident which recently befell the young Prince FREDERICK WILLIAM, son of Prince LOUIS of Hesse and the Princess ALICE, daughter of Queen VICTORIA. The particulars of the accident are as follows: On Thursday, the 27th of May, the nurses brought three of the children into their mother's bedroom, in the Grand Ducal Palace at Darmstadt, about eight o'clock in the morning. One of them, Prince ERNEST, who is four years and a half old, ran into the adjoining bath-room, the window of which was open. The mother hastened after this child, leaving the other two children, Princess VICTORIA and Prince FREDERICK WILLIAM, aged three. She could not have been absent half a minute, but in that brief space of time the little one had got to the bedroom window. He leaned out, with childish curiosity, and let fall a toy with which he was playing, and in trying to recover it lost his balance and fell into the court. The noise of his fall recalled his terrified mother, but it was too late. The height from the window to the garden is about twenty-four feet. When the little boy was picked up it was found that he had no bones broken, but he had suffered a concussion of the brain. He did not recover consciousness, and died about eleven o'clock at night of the same day.

A LITTLE DEAD PRINCE.

(BURIED JUNE 1, 1873.)

Over the happy mother's bed
  Gambol three children, loving and gay:
Ernest strong, and delicate Fritz,
  Pretty baby Victoria.
Two little princes, sans sword, sans crown,
  One little princess, infant-sweet—
In the mother's heart, as rich and as full
  As any mother's in lane or street,
They grow—three roses—love-rooted deep,
  Filling with perfume all their own
The empty air, oft so sharp and keen,
  Of the lovely heights too near a throne.
The palace windows stand open wide,
  The harmless windows; and through them pass
May winds, to the palace children dear
  As to cottage babies upon the grass;
Out through the chamber runs Ernest bold;
  The mother follows, with careful mind,
Fearless of fate, for a minute's space
  Leaving the other two behind.
Grand on the bed like a mimic queen
  Tiny Victoria gravely sits;
While clasping closely his darling toy
  Up to the casement climbs merry Fritz;
It drops—his treasure! He leans and looks—
  Twenty feet down to the stony road—
Hear'st Thou that shriek from the mother's lips?
  Hast Thou no mercy, O God, O God?



THE LATE INFANT PRINCE FREDERICK WILLIAM OF HESSE.

One ghastly moment he hangs in air,
  Like a half-fledged bird from the nest's edge thrown,
With innocent eyes of dumb surprise—
  Then falls—and the brief young life is done.

* * * * * * *

Mother, poor mother! try to see—
  Not the skeleton hand that thrust him there
Out of sunshiny life into silent death—
  But the waiting angels in phalanx fair.
O try to feel that the earth's hard breast
  Was the bosom of God which took him in—
God, who knows all things, to us unknown—
  From sorrows, sicknesses, peril, or sin.
O hear, far off, the low sound of tears,
  Dropping from many an eye like mine,
As we look at our living children sweet,
  And our mother-hearts weep blood for thine.
God comfort thee! Under the robe of state
  That hides, but heals not, wounds throbbing wild,
Mayst thou feel the touch of one soft dead hand—
  The child that will always remain a child.
And when the long years shall have slipped away,
  And gray hairs come and thy pulse beats slow,
May one little face shine star-like out
  O'er the dim descent that thy feet must go.
Mother, poor mother! 'neath warm June rain
  Bear to the grave thy coffin small;
Oft, children living are children lost,
  But our children dead—ah, we keep them all!

—*The Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman."*

THE LATE JESSE R. GRANT.

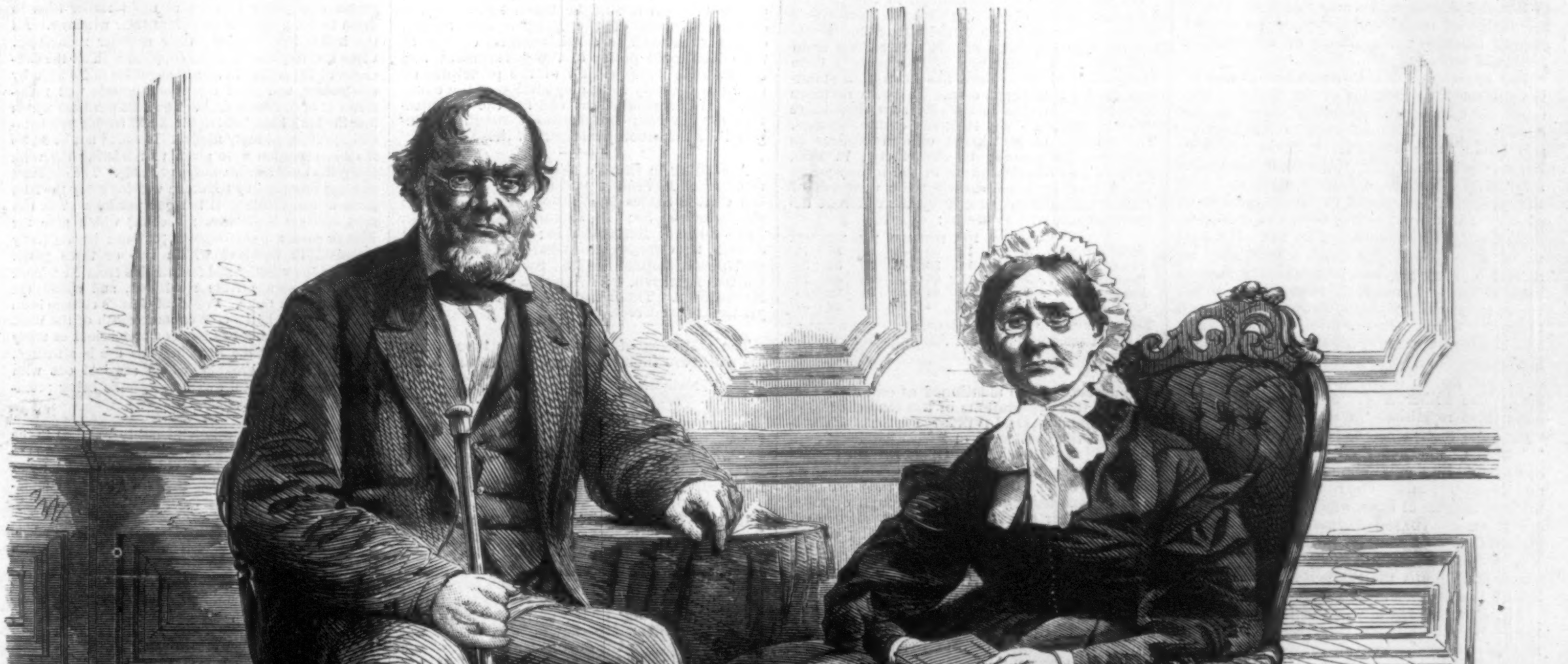
JESSE R. GRANT, the father of President GRANT, died at his house in Covington, Kentucky, on the 29th of June, and was buried on the 1st of July, in the presence of a large concourse of his sorrowing neighbors, by whom he was greatly respected and beloved. At the time of his death he had been eighteen years a resident of Covington.

Mr. GRANT was born in Westmoreland County, Pennsylvania, in 1794. He married, in 1821, a Miss HANNAH SIMPSON, who survives him. Their married life began in Clermont County, Ohio. Of six children four have been spared to them, and three of the number, among them the President, were present at the funeral. From his youth Mr. GRANT was used to toil. He had an honorable calling, and by carefulness, industry, and economy accumulated a comfortable competency. He was a man of strong purpose and resolute will, and was just and generous in all his dealings. In early life he united with the Methodist Episcopal Church, with which he retained his membership to the last. Under the administration of President JOHNSON Mr. GRANT received, and held to the time of his death, the appointment of postmaster at Covington.

His death was not wholly unexpected. He never fully recovered from the effects of a paralytic stroke received in December, 1871, his health having been quite feeble since that time. The body was interred in Spring Grove Cemetery, north of Cincinnati, by the side of his deceased son and daughter.

JUDGE NOAH DAVIS.

THIS distinguished member of the bench, of whom we give a portrait on page 620, was born at Haverhill, New Hampshire, September 10, 1818. In 1825 he removed with his parents to Albion, Orleans County, in Western New York, and commenced his education in the common district school of that village, afterward spending two academical terms at the Lima Seminary. He read law at Lewiston and at Black Rock, New York, was admitted to practice in the Supreme Court in the fall of 1841, and practiced



JESSE R. AND HANNAH GRANT, FATHER AND MOTHER OF THE PRESIDENT.

at Gaines, Orleans County, and for a short time at Buffalo. In February, 1844, he formed a partnership with the Hon. Sanford E. Church, now Chief Justice of the Court of Appeals, and practiced law with him at Albion for about fourteen years.

In April, 1857, he was appointed by Governor King Justice of the Supreme Court for the Eighth District of this State, to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of the Hon. James Mullett, and took his seat on the bench in May of the same year. In the fall of that year he was nominated and elected for the full term, and on its expiration he was re-elected for a second term. In the fall of 1864 Judge Davis was elected to Congress from the Rochester district, and resigned his seat on the bench.

On the 1st of January, 1869, Judge Davis formed a partnership with the Hon. Henry E. Davies and others in the practice of law in this city. He again entered Congress, taking his seat on the 4th of March of the same year, and was a member until July, 1870, when he was appointed by President Grant to the office of United States Attorney for the Southern District of New York, the duties of which office he continued to discharge with signal ability till January, 1873, when he resigned to take his seat on the bench of the Supreme Court of this district, to which he was elected in the fall of 1872.

Judge Davis possesses great force of character, legal abilities and training of a very high order, and is admirably fitted by judicial clearness of intellect to adorn the position which he holds.

HIRAM POWERS.

This distinguished American sculptor, whose portrait will be found on page 620, died in Florence, Italy, on the 27th of June, after a lingering illness. For more than a year previous to his death he had been afflicted with a bronchial complaint, but it was thought by those who knew him that his vigorous constitution would carry him safely through the sickness. This hope has been disappointed, and the tidings of his death have carried genuine sorrow wherever art is honored and true manhood respected.

Hiram Powers was the eighth child of a poor Vermont farmer. He was born near Woodstock, in that State, on the 29th of July, 1805. He was educated at a district school, where he acquired a general knowledge of the principles of drawing, and some skill in various kinds of handicraft. At an early age he was left, by the death of his father, in a destitute condition, and found employment in the reading-room of a hotel in Cincinnati. He afterward procured a situation in a produce store, and a little later was employed by a clock-maker to collect bills and assist in repairing and cleaning clocks and watches. Having made the acquaintance of a Prussian sculptor who was engaged at Cincinnati on a bust of General Jackson, he acquired from him a knowledge of modeling in clay, and executed several busts and medallions of considerable merit and promise.

For seven years Mr. Powers had charge of the wax-work department of the Western Museum, at Cincinnati. Growing weary of this employment, in 1835 he went to Washington, and found more congenial work in modeling busts of prominent men. Through the assistance of Mr. Nicholas Longworth, and with the money he had saved in his occupation, he soon afterward went to Florence, and resided in Italy during the remainder of his life. His statue of "Eve," produced about a year after his arrival in Florence, was pronounced a masterpiece by Thorwaldsen, the most eminent sculptor of the time. A year afterward he produced the model of his "Greek Slave," the most beautiful and most popular of his works, which placed him in the front rank of living sculptors. Among other well-known works Mr. Powers produced are, "The Fisher Boy," of which there have been three repetitions in marble; "Il Penseroso;" "Proserpine," a bust; "California;" "America," modeled for the Crystal Palace at Sydenham, England; statues of Washington and Calhoun; and "The Indian Girl." Among the vast number of busts which he has produced are those of Adams, Jackson, Chief Justice Marshall, Edward Everett, and Martin Van Buren. The bronze statue of Webster which now adorns the State-House grounds at Boston is one of his latest works.

Mr. Powers was one of the most genial of men. He never forgot that he was an American, and his countrymen were always welcome visitors at his pleasant home in the beautiful old Italian city. Hawthorne, in his Italian Note-Books, gives most charming glimpses of his artistic and social life. During the darkest hours of the late war his heart was ever with his native country, among associations which drew strongly the other way; and to the latest times his name will be honored as that of a great artist and true patriot.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

A conditional order for a new trial of Father O'Keeffe has been granted by the Court of Queen's Bench, Dublin. In reviewing the case Chief Justice Whiteside denied the authority of the papal rescript with refreshing energy. He said: "The contract sought to be established is a contract to submit to the jurisdiction of the Pope in a spiritual matter to be decided within the realm. I am bound to tell you that that contract is illegal. The authority by virtue of which the inquiry into the proceedings of the plaintiff was held was the papal ordinance. I am bound to tell you that authority was illegal, and could warrant no such inquiry. The trial and inquiry under that authority were illegal. The sentence of suspension was illegal. The publication of that sentence was illegal." The majority of the judges held that, although the statute of Queen Elizabeth was in the way of the operation of the papal rescript, yet, under the special circumstances of the case, a conditional order for a new trial should be given. Should the argument on the order ever be had, the extent of the Pope's authority in the British realm will be very thoroughly discussed.

Mr. Beecher has at last broken silence in relation to the slanders upon his character which have been so freely circulated. He has sent the following note to the Brooklyn *Eagle:*

"*To the Editor of the Brooklyn Eagle:*

"In a long and active life in Brooklyn it has rarely happened that the *Eagle* and myself have been in accord on questions of common concern to our fellow-citizens. I am for this reason impelled to acknowledge the unsolicited confidence and regard of which the columns of the *Eagle* of late bear testimony. I have just returned to the city to learn that application has been made to Mrs. Victoria Woodhull for letters of mine supposed to contain information respecting certain infamous stories against me. I have no objection to have the *Eagle* state, in any way it deems fit, that Mrs. Woodhull or any other person or persons who may have letters of mine in their possession have my cordial consent to publish them. In this connection, and at this time, I will only add that the stories and rumors which have for some time past been circulated about me are grossly untrue, and I stamp them, in general and in particular, as utterly false.

"Respectfully, Henry Ward Beecher."

Considering the source of these stories, it is a wonder that they have received any credit whatever. Mr. Beecher's dignified treatment of them will increase the esteem in which he is held by his countrymen.

Sunday, June 16, was set apart in London as "Hospital Sunday," and collections were taken in one thousand churches for the support of the great city hospitals. This collection, which has been advocated for a long time by the *Lancet*, has already been made in Birmingham, Manchester, and other towns. It is thought that the sum raised by the London churches will reach from £20,000 to £30,000. It is proposed, too, to make an appeal for city hospitals in the churches of the principal towns of England once every year. Nothing could be better. Such an appeal would commend itself to persons of every creed.

Among the celebrities now in London is Bishop Crowther, a native African, who has for his diocese the upper region of the river Niger. The victim, with others, of a slave hunt in 1821, he was rescued by a British cruiser, and educated in a Christian school on the west coast. Here he displayed great facility in the acquisition of knowledge. He took part in the disastrous expedition up the Niger in 1841, and upon his return went to England and was educated in a missionary college. From thence he returned to Africa as a missionary to the natives of the interior. Here he translated the Scriptures into several African languages. In 1864 he was ordained first Bishop of the Niger in the Cathedral of Canterbury, and has since employed himself in wide-spread tours through the valley of the Niger as a Christian teacher and organizer. His life is one of the romances of which the history of Christian missions furnishes so many examples.

On the decline of Methodism in the city of New York some interesting facts were presented by one of the speakers in the Preachers' Meeting on Monday, June 30. It was shown from statistics that from 1850 to the present time Methodism in New York has been at a standstill, hardly holding its own. There are no more Methodist churches in the city now than there were in 1855, and not so many communicants. The number of Methodist church edifices in 1870 was thirty-nine; in 1860, forty; in 1855, forty—a loss of one church in the fifteen years. The following table, showing the progress of church building in the city by the different denominations, will be useful:

	1795.	1805.	1825.	1845.	1850.	1855.	1860.	1870.
Episcopalian...	3	6	15	30	44	50	57	70
Presbyterian...	1	5	14	33	42	50	54	52
Methodist.....	2	4	11	26	34	40	40	39
Baptist........	2	3	9	24	32	34	32	38
Catholic.......	–	–	4	14	19	24	32	39

This makes the Episcopalians, as to the number of churches, the foremost religious body in the city.

It deserves to be mentioned as one of the results of the explorations of the eminent Christian missionary, Dr. Livingstone, that the slave-trade on the east coast of Africa has been suppressed. The treaty with Great Britain to that effect was signed by the Sultan of Zanzibar on the 5th of June. On the same day the slave-market in Zanzibar was closed. Though opposed by France, Sir Bartle Frere succeeded in enlisting the support of Italy in pressing his negotiations. He is of opinion that Dr. Livingstone will soon be heard from either on the north or west coast of Africa.

A new Protestant church has appeared in British Guiana. It is known as the "British Guiana Annual Conference of the British Methodist Episcopal Church." It is the offspring of the African Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States. In the year 1866 Bishop Nazrey, of that Church, having gathered together in Canada the scattered African Methodists who had migrated from the United States, founded the British Methodist Episcopal Church. He has extended his operations to Guiana, and in April held the first annual Conference in Georgetown, Demerara. The new Conference begins with five circuits, five stations, and three substations. It has a promising field.

A Conference of evangelical Churchmen and Non-conformists opposed to ritualism was held in London on the 5th of June. The attendance both of laymen and ministers was very large. Lord Ebury presided. The Wesleyans were represented by the Rev. Dr. Rigg and the Rev. L. H. Wiseman, the Presbyterians by Hugh Matheson, the Rev. Dr. Fraser, and others, and the State Church by numerous gentlemen. After a session of several hours it was decided to appoint a small committee to make arrangements for summoning another conference within a short time.

The differences of doctrine and usage between the (Dutch) Reformed and the German Reformed churches are extremely puzzling to the average mind. Both belong to the Reformed, as distinguished from the Lutheran and Anglican sides of Protestantism. The points of distinction are stated thus by a German Reformed paper: Both churches recognize the Heidelberg Catechism as a doctrinal standard; the Dutch Church adds to it the Belgic Confession and the Articles of the Synod of Dort. The systems of government are alike in both. Both use a liturgy, but in the German Church more importance is given to liturgical forms. The German Church practices confirmation, the Dutch does not; the former attaches much importance to the "Church Year," the latter does not. The German body is the more churchly, the Dutch inclines more to the spirit and practice of both American and Scotch Presbyterianism.

The Irish Presbyterian General Assembly, which met at Belfast, took note of the frequent invitations sent to the Presbyterian ministers of Ireland to settle in America. In supporting a resolution welcoming the American deputation, Dr. Knox, of Belfast, said: "I would propose this resolution more heartily if I thought you were true men; but I tell you candidly I have my doubts about it. You may say you are true men; but, 'by the life of Pharaoh, ye are spies!' And these spies, brethren, are going to return in August with two magnificent clusters of the 'grapes of Eshcol'—in the shape of Messrs. Hamilton and Munro." The Moderator, in conveying the welcome, touched on the same subject, and convulsed the house with laughter, as, addressing the deputation as his "children," he said he was afraid of their morality. These sheep-stealing raids were not good.

The stolen ministers appear, however, to be very willing, and take their fate cheerfully. The statistics of Irish Presbyterianism show that the total amount raised for all objects last year was £125,419—an increase of £45,000 since 1866, when the *regium donum* was withdrawn. This Church has not suffered from disestablishment.

The Established Church of Scotland (Presbyterian) has made public the amount of contributions for all purposes received from its members in 1872. This is exclusive of assessments on the parishes levied by the state. The total is £255,350. The total of the contributions of the Free Church for the same year is £452,789; of the United Presbyterian Church, £330,933. The aggregate amount contributed by the three churches in 1872 is £1,039,072—an enormous sum.

According to the *Japan Gazette*, the proclamation of religious freedom in Japan has been followed by some outbreaks of insurrection. In the city of Fukowi some 250 rioters, mostly farmers, were taken prisoners by the military. A few lives have been lost, but at last accounts there was an appearance of quiet. The native Christians imprisoned in the province of Owari have returned to their homes.

The defeat of Mr. Miall's motion on disestablishment has apparently decided the Non-conformists of England to break with Mr. Gladstone. A conference of their city committees was lately held at Crewe, at which it was resolved that the "time has arrived when decided political action should be taken to secure the disestablishment of the English and Scotch churches, as well as a fundamental change in the educational policy of the government, and the thorough application of the principles of religious equality to the legislation of the country." Other resolutions call for the organization of the Non-conformists throughout England for the accomplishment of these objects.

According to *Rowell's Newspaper Directory*, the number of Methodist periodicals published in the United States is 47; Roman Catholic, 41; Presbyterian, 29; Protestant Episcopal, 21; Lutheran, 14; Reformed, 14; Universalist, 10; Jewish, 9; Congregationalist, 8; Christian, 5; Disciples (Campbellites), 5; Swedenborgian, 4; United Brethren, 4; Friends, 3; Unitarian, 3; Moravian, 2. These figures may be only approximately correct.

The statistics of the Moravians throughout the world are thus given by their authorities:

German Province..................	7,488
Bohemian Mission..................	118
British Province..................	5,462
American Province..................	14,263
Foreign Missionaries, with their children (about)	400
Foreign Mission Church..................	69,404
	97,135

Last year the total number was 96,055.

On Tuesday, May 13, there occurred near Lucknow, in India, a festival in honor of a god worshiped in the form of a monkey. An India paper says that "for several days before the festival scores and hundreds of men and boys could be seen on all the roads leading to the place, literally measuring their way to the temple by prostrating themselves flat on their faces, and making a mark in the dust as far in front of the head as the right hand could reach. The devotee then rolls over, and rising up walks up to the mark he has made, and again prostrates himself as before. This exercise, continued as it is in the hot sun and on the burning roads, is exceedingly exhausting to the poor wretches who engage in it, and it is a pitiable sight to see a mother walking beside her son, fanning him constantly, keeping water at hand to refresh him, and cheering him on when ready to faint with exhaustion." The paper charges that many Hindoos educated in the English schools attend these festivals, ostensibly to see the crowd, but really to offer homage to "a fabulous monkey."

The debated question of the population of India has at last been determined from an exact census made by the English government, and completed January, 1872. The facts are of value to those who are interested in Christian missions. They show a population of 186,500,000 paying revenue to the British government, and 54,000,000 who are free from the English tax-gatherer. This is a larger number by 20,000,000 than has been supposed by statisticians to be under English sway.

We may put at the opposite extreme another famous mission field, the Sandwich Islands, the census of which was taken in 1872. The population is only 56,897. Of those 49,044 are reported as natives, and 2487 as half-castes. The foreigners are 5366, of whom 1938 are Chinese and 889 Americans. Since 1866 the native population has decreased 7234, while the foreign population has increased 1172.

Among the many charities of London is a home for the Asiatics who are domiciled in the city. It is under the care of a society, whose annual meeting was held May 28. The missionary reported that he had during the year met in the city 2000 Asiatics, Turks, and East Africans, among whom the Scriptures were distributed. During the year 362 inmates had been lodged and boarded in the Home. Of this number 257 were natives of Bengal Presidency, 17 of Madras, 23 of Bombay and Goa, 2 of Ceylon, 26 of East Africa, 1 of West Africa, 16 of China, 4 of Mauritius, 10 of Malacca, and 6 of Polynesia. Like ancient Rome, London has become the reservoir for the population of the whole world.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

It is very much the fashion for reports to be circulated early in the season that such-and-such watering-places are "crowded," this special circumstance seeming to be to the fashionable mind a crowning recommendation, and a hint to city lingerers to be up and *going*. Two or three weeks ago we saw the statement that "Long Branch was beginning to be crowded." That "beginning" was certainly very incipient; for although the few hot days with which June closed produced a marked change, yet even with the opening of July Long Branch was by no means *crowded;* there was room enough and to spare. The unusually cool June deterred the mere fashion seeker; but those who went early to the sea-shore found genuine comfort. Never was the Branch more charming than in the freshness of those last June days. Wraps were needful, to be sure, and the more timid and feeble feared to dip in surf which had not been mellowed by midsummer sun. But the clear, fresh air, the invigorating breeze, the hotels all swept and garnished, with comfortable rooms unsullied by previous guests, the evident satisfaction your presence (or purse) afforded, the army of waiters eager to serve, the promptness with which wants were supplied, and the comfortable quiet (if you enjoy quiet) which surrounded you—all these things were a pleasant contrast to what is experienced in "the height of the season," when one must be content with any kind of room, and meekly accept such service as he can get. To those who desire healthful enjoyment on bluff and beach, we commend Long Branch early in the season. If you prefer the gay crowd, the brilliant dresses, the nightly hops, go in August, by all means; but don't expect August to combine with its own the advantages of June or July.

A dozen or more fine hotels are located on the ocean bluff at Long Branch. The largest are well known to the fashionable public—the Metropolitan, Continental, Mansion, Ocean, Pavilion, Clarendon, United States, Howland's, and the West End—the last-mentioned being over a mile south of the dépôt, and bounding, as it were, on that end the long stretch of hotels. Being situated just at a bend in the beach, it presents two fronts to the ocean, thus affording a magnificent view; and it is also distinct in its architectural structure from any other house, rows of tall columns extending from the ground-floor to the projecting roof, and there being no upper piazza—a circumstance appreciated by guests who prefer to sleep at night rather than to listen to the promenaders before their windows. All the hotels have received their summer renovating. Clean and fresh, with tables supplied with all the delicacies of the season to satisfy appetites made keen by sea-breezes, and good attendance, guests find themselves at once comfortable. The little pavilions which line the bluff have been repaired and freshly painted—an improvement sadly needed. It would not be amiss if more attention were given to rendering the walk along the bluff continuously agreeable. The constant changes produced by the ocean wearing away the land gives a neglected aspect to some portions. The elegant cottages (otherwise mansions) which give the Branch such a picturesque appearance have greatly increased in numbers within two or three years. Many of the wealthy and fashionable from New York have their own private residences, and spend the whole summer there. President Grant's cottage is on Ocean Avenue, half a mile or more south of the West End Hotel. It is not as large or pretentious as many other cottages at the Branch. The eye is attracted, however, by the grounds, which are laid out with much taste, beautiful dwarf evergreens being prominent among the shrubbery.

The game-laws allow brook trout to be taken in the Adirondacks from March 15 to September 15. As the small streams and lakes that abound in the vicinity of those mountains are well stocked with fish, the temptation will be irresistible to many lovers of sport.

San Francisco is about to establish a Chinese newspaper in its midst. The principal Chinese companies in that city have sent to Hong-Kong for a supply of type, one of the latest improved presses in use in that country, and the general apparatus of a Chinese printing-office. In September the new journal will appear, the plan being to publish it three times a week.

Every adult carries enough phosphorus in his body to make 4000 of the two-cent packages of matches, but he does not have sulphur enough to complete that quantity of the incendiary combustibles. The phosphorus exists in the bones and brain.

Nearly 1500 children participated in the second *Times* excursion from this city. Only seven were over fourteen years of age, these being allowed to go from having charge of younger children. It was found, when the barge stopped at Christopher Street to take on board its last detachment of little ones, that 400 or 500 more applied than it was possible to accommodate. These, who clamored for a sail, were quieted by a promise to be taken some future day. It may be interesting to know how this multitude was fed. As soon as the barge started up the North River preparations were made for breakfast. The buttered rolls were all piled up on long tables near one of the staircases, and at the other end of the deck were other tables filled with mugs of milk. As soon as all was ready the children were formed in line on the upper deck, and passed down the stairs in single file, each boy or girl being required to surrender the refreshment ticket received at the gangway. As they passed the ticket taker the children were given a roll and sent forward for milk. When all had emptied the mug handed them they were sent up stairs, and having no ticket were thus prevented from coming down stairs again. In this way the whole number were fed in a remarkably short time. Before debarking at the grove, under the Palisades, each received sandwiches and cake. On returning to the barge they received more sandwiches and a mug of lemonade, after which the ice-cream was served.

Over eleven hundred mothers and young children were made happy for a day at least by the first Free Excursion given this season by the good people of Philadelphia. This excellent kind of charity, started by the New York *Times*, is spreading through the country, and will bring in a harvest of health, both physical and moral, in months and years to come.

Those who know about the matter, or believe that they do, counsel householders to lay in their supply of coal as soon as possible. One does not like to think about hot coal fires when the weather is so warm, but the probability is that the price of coal will continue to rise until the opening of winter.

Alexandra Palace seems to owe its destruction to a cause similar to that of the recent fires at Canterbury Cathedral and Warwick Castle. According to report, a metal-worker on the roof left his brazier of lighted coal behind him when he went to dinner. Some of the live coal found its way into a crevice of the roof amidst inflammable materials, and even the workmen had scarcely time to escape before the whole dome was in flames.

A "Home" for young women of limited means has been established by the "Ladies' Christian Union." This Home is situated on Washington Square, and can accommodate eighty inmates. The prices range from $3 50 to $6 per week. Much excellent society is found there. Music is cultivated among the boarders, and there is a small library for the use of the inmates.

There are very few anecdotes in circulation relating to the life of the actor Macready, but the following incident, which occurred nearly half a century ago, shows the natural goodness of the man's heart. When Macready was fulfilling an engagement in Birmingham, England, he one day passed a burning house in a poor neighborhood. A cry arose that there was a child asleep in one of the upper stories. No effort being made to save it, Macready instantly gave his coat to a by-stander, and rushing into the house, presently returned with the half-suffocated infant. Nobody knew him, and his deed might soon have been forgotten had not his coat and the holder of it disappeared. Such a theft aroused indignation, the affair got into the newspapers, and finally a pawnbroker discovered the thief, who brought the stolen garment to his shop.

A lady residing in a certain town of New Hampshire recently went to a drug store and innocently asked for a pint of alcohol. She wished to use it in a spirit-lamp.

"Have you a prescription?" inquired the clerk, politely.

"A what?" asked the lady, in surprise.

"A prescription from a physician," explained the clerk. "We are not allowed to sell alcohol unless it is ordered by a physician."

"Not even alcohol?" said the astonished customer. "Well, that is strange. I was not aware that any one ever drank pure alcohol as a beverage."

"Very true. I think myself that such a regulation is ridiculous, but we must obey it. I am sorry if you are inconvenienced, but can not sell you any alcohol unless you bring a prescription."

We understand that the lady when last seen, later in the day, was searching for a physician who would certify that her spirit-lamp was seriously ill and required stimulants.

If one lives to be old enough, there is a chance of renewing one's age. New Hampshire reports a lady ninety-six years old who is now teething and suffering from whooping-cough. She expects, moreover, to reach the age of Parr, unless the cholera infantum attacks her.

Strange tales have been told of the far-famed upas-tree of Java—that its odor poisons the air for hundreds of yards around, that birds shun it, that vegetation beneath its branches is destroyed, and that even man can not approach it with impunity. Such assertions are said by those who have studied the character of the tree from the live specimen to be unfounded. The tree does contain poison, which is extracted from the sap; but this circumstance has given rise to many fabulous stories.

The principal cities in the Union have from time to time received various nicknames. For example: New York, Gotham; Boston, the Modern Athens, also the Hub; Philadelphia, the Quaker City; Baltimore, the Monumental City; Cincinnati, the Queen City; New Orleans, the Crescent City; Washington, the City of Magnificent Distances; Chicago, the Garden City; Detroit, the City of Straits; Cleveland, the Forest City; Pittsburg, the Iron City; New Haven, the City of Elms; Indianapolis, the Railroad City; St. Louis, the City of Mounds; Keokuk, the Gate City; Louisville, the Falls City; Nashville, the City of Rocks; Quincy, the Model City; Hannibal, the Bluff City; Alexandria, the Delta City; Newburyport, the Garden of Eden; Salem, the City of Peace.

British matrons have the reputation of looking young for their years. This circumstance sometimes brings trouble. For example: The mother of five children, while recently traveling from Yorkshire to Birmingham, was stopped by a police detective, made to leave the car, and would have been locked up except that fortunately she was recognized by a friend among the railway officials. The zealous detective had taken her for a girl of fifteen whose elopement had been telegraphed to him, and whom he was detailed to stop.

Sir John Lubbock gives to the public a most pathetic account of the "last hours" of his tame wasp. It will be remembered that this English gentleman has latterly devoted himself very much to this singular pet. He says:

> "She would take no food, though she still moved her legs, wings, and abdomen. The following day I offered her food for the last time, but both head and thorax were dead or paralyzed; she could but wag her tail—a last token, as I could almost fancy, of gratitude and affection. As far as I could judge, her death was quite painless, and she now occupies a place in the British Museum."

Santa Barbara, California, claims the honor of having produced the largest grape-vine in the world—a vine which has a world-wide fame. The origin of this California wonder is said to be traced to a Spanish lady, who, once upon a time, when starting from Sonora on horseback, had given to her by her lover a branch broken from a grape-vine to be used as a riding-whip. When she arrived at Santa Barbara, after her long journey, she planted the branch, which has since grown into such notoriety. The age of this vine is uncertain, but some say the Spanish lady journeyed thither before the present century. This famous vine is situated about three miles and a half from the town of Santa Barbara, in the court-yard of an old adobe house. The trunk is four feet four inches in the largest part. It begins to branch out at about six or eight feet from the ground, and is then supported on frame-work, which it covers as a roof. The whole vine, supported on the frame-work, now covers over an acre of ground. Several of the limbs are ten inches in circumference at a distance of twenty-five or thirty feet from the trunk. The annual yield of grapes from this mammoth vine is from 10,000 to 12,000 pounds. The clusters average, when ripe, from two to two and a half pounds each. The vine is on rather high ground, the soil is hard, and the Spaniards dance under the shadow of the leaves, which form a completely sun-proof covering of living verdure. This vine by its product supported the old woman who owned it for many years.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

Mr. William K. Parker, the eminent English comparative anatomist, well known by his researches upon the skull and shoulder girdle of the vertebrate animals, has lately received assistance from a quite unexpected quarter. The London Fishmongers' Company has presented to him fifty pounds sterling and made him an allowance of twenty pounds annually for three years to aid him in still further prosecuting his inquiries into the anatomy of fishes. *Nature*, in referring to this action, commends it as a precedent, and hopes that some of the other united companies, many of which possess enormous wealth, will take pains to subsidize in a suitable manner some specialist whose scientific researches may illustrate the objects of the company. It is thought, however, that quite an inadequate appreciation is shown of the value of the time of men of science like Mr. Parker in the amount of the subsidy.

Information from Dr. Nachtigal, dated February, 1872, and but just received in Germany, gives some statements in regard to discoveries made in the countries lying to the northeast of Lake Tchad, in Central North Africa. The principal result of his inquiries is that the Bahr-el-Gazal, heretofore believed to flow into Lake Tchad, really flows out of that lake northeast for about 300 miles. A range of mountains, extending for a distance of over 800 miles, was also discovered, one of the passes of which is at least 7878 feet above the level of the sea. At the date of the letter Dr. Nachtigal was about starting toward Begharmi, to the southeast of Lake Tchad.

Mr. George Smith, the Eastern explorer, continues to make exceedingly interesting discoveries at Mosul, among the most important being a broken tablet containing the very portion of the text which was missing from the deluge tablet. He has also discovered a tablet containing the penalties for neglect or infraction of the laws. He reports that immense masses of earth and débris overlie what remains to be brought to light in the great mound, and that much time and money will be necessary to lay it open; and he announces himself as awaiting instructions from the *Daily Telegraph* and the British Museum, by whose authority he was sent out. It is much to be hoped that one or the other, or both conjointly, will give Mr. Smith the means to carry out his labors.

The Acclimatization Society of New Zealand announces the capture of a full-grown English trout, the result of spawn sent out from England, and hatched between the 28th of September and the 10th of October, 1868. They have been seen for the last three years, and a male fish was recently captured weighing ten pounds and three ounces. The question whether the trout are multiplying by themselves has been established by the capture of quite a number only about three inches long.

It is still uncertain whether the salmon which have been repeatedly transmitted to Australia and New Zealand have survived and multiplied. Large fish have been often seen in the rivers, which, it was thought, could be nothing else than these fish; but the subject has not been verified by an actual capture. We have already referred to the shipment of a fresh quantity of salmon spawn from England in January last, and we hope soon to learn of their safe arrival at their destination.

A French vessel, the *Narval*, under Captain Moucher, is at present engaged in hydrographical research along the Algerian coast, and it is announced that Professor H. de Lacaze-Duthiers, an eminent French naturalist, will join him in a short time with a view of making deep-sea explorations into the fauna of the Mediterranean. The cruise of the vessel will continue five months, and it is expected that much valuable scientific information will be obtained.

The Russian astronomers have decided upon occupying twenty-four stations on the important occasion of observing the transit of Venus. It is found that the weather will probably be highly favorable to astronomical observations at all the stations in Siberia and on the Pacific coast, as there is an average of only three cloudy days in the month of December in these parts of the Russian possessions. The extreme cold of November is well regarded as an almost insuperable hinderance to the proposed work.

The following very complete outfit has been ordered for use on this occasion, viz., three heliometers and three photoheliographs, for use in measuring the position of the planet on its passage across the sun's disk; ten equatorials, for observing the apparent contacts of the limbs of the planet and sun by the use of the spectroscopic method, and for the determination of the same moments by observations with the filar micrometer; ten telescopes, for simply observing the instant of each contact; and besides these there is, for each station, a complete outfit of clocks, chronometers, and instruments for determining the local time.

The observers are all to practice beforehand at the Imperial Central Observatory at Pultowa.

The geographical positions of those stations at which the observations result successfully will be afterward determined by a special geographical expedition by the Russian navy. To perfect this portion of the work, a line of telegraph will be built through Siberia to Nicolaevsk.

Mr. Livingston Stone, on behalf of the California Fish Commissioners, was engaged for some time past in collecting fresh-water fishes of various species to be transported to California, for the purpose of introducing them into the rivers and ponds of that State. For this purpose he had sent to him a car of the Central Pacific Railway, which he had fitted up properly for this object. At one end of the car he built a plank pond, lined with zinc and holding four tons of water, over which were berths for himself and his assistants. The rest of the car was occupied with smaller tanks, and a reserve of sea and fresh water, household and commissary supplies, etc. Among the species that Mr. Stone carried with him, in the form of partly hatched eggs or young, were shad, cat-fish, yellow perch, wall-eyed or glass-eyed perch, eels, lobsters, and the like; and from his long experience as one of our leading fish-culturists we had every reason to believe that he would succeed in transferring his freight without material loss. We regret, however, to learn that as the train to which this car was attached was crossing the Elkhorn River, Nebraska, the bridge broke down and dropped the car into the water, allowing all the contents to escape before they had reached their intended destination. Mr. Stone and his assistants barely escaped with their lives.

The California Commissioners are deserving of great credit for their enterprise in this connection, and appear to be taking the best methods for securing a result which they have kept steadily in view for several years past. From its national importance, a portion of the expenses of this enterprise is supplied from the fund of the United States Fish Commission.

The following summary of the weather for the week ending July 2 is from the *Weather Chronicle* of the Army Signal-office: During the past week a storm centre has moved from the northwest eastward over Lake Superior into Canada, reaching with its rain belts the entire country east of the Mississippi; a second storm now apparently exists in Nebraska and Dakota. The largest total amounts of rain fell during the past week in the States of Florida, Indiana, and Minnesota; severe local storms were experienced at New Haven, Connecticut, and in Northern Florida. The Missouri has risen three feet at Omaha during the week; the Ohio has fallen three feet, and the Arkansas has fallen seven feet; the Mississippi has fallen at St. Paul and Vicksburg, but risen at St. Louis and New Orleans.

The American department of the Vienna Exposition is by no means so indifferently represented as has been currently reported—though in view of the unfortunate complications which arose about the time of the opening of the display a somewhat inferior representation of American industries was generally anticipated.

The department, though in very bad order about the time of the opening of the Exposition, has been brought into creditable shape, and is even tolerably well filled.

The space allotted to American exhibitors amounts to some 70,000 square feet, divided as follows:

In Industry Palace........	13,450	square feet.
" Covered Court.........	27,000	" "
" Machinery Hall........	14,550	" "
" Agricultural Hall......	10,000	" "
" Additional halls........	5,000	" "
	70,000	" "

The Bulletin o. the American Iron and Steel Association publishes the following statistical account of the iron-rail production of the United States for the year 1872, the total yield footing up a considerable increase upon the figures of the preceding year. The aggregate (reported) manufacture amounted to 941,992 net tons, as compared with 775,733 tons produced in 1871. These figures include only rails made for freight and passenger railways, and exclude some 15,000 tons of street rails and mining rails, which as a rule are classified as bar-iron. The chief production is divided between Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Illinois—Pennsylvania, as usual, leading the list with 419,529 tons, or 44½ per cent. of the whole.

The recent foundation of a College of Engineering in Japan, in the city of Jeddo, in which the youth of that country may obtain thorough instruction at home in the science of engineering, civil and mechanical, is perhaps the most striking indication of the radical advances in introducing modern ideas which has been thus far afforded. The new establishment is placed under the directorship of Mr. Henry Dyer, formerly of Glasgow, Scotland.

We learn from *Nature* that Mr. E. L. Layard, whose departure as British consul to Para was chronicled by us some months ago, has resigned this position, and is about to proceed as the British resident agent to the Feejee Islands. During his short stay in South America Mr. Layard made a valuable collection of birds, and we have no doubt that in the Feejees he will be able to add much to our knowledge of the ornithology and natural history of that group of islands and those adjacent to it in the Pacific.

At the meeting of the Academy of Sciences of Paris for April 21 Mr. Claude Gay presented the thirtieth and concluding volume of his great work upon the natural, physical, and political history of Chili. As long ago as 1828 Mr. Gay left Paris for South America, and arrived in Chili at the end of 1829, by way of Brazil and Buenos Ayres, with the intention of devoting himself to the study of the botany of that country, which at that time was very little known, few plants having been collected. Encouraged by the generous support of the Chilian government, Mr. Gay undertook to prepare a series of manuals—first on natural history, and ultimately on the geography, geology, and political history of the country. This idea was steadily kept in mind by him, and with the assistance of specialists in various branches he has finally completed his work of thirty stout octavo volumes of text, with two folios of illustrations, embracing 333 plates. The work was executed in Paris under his direction, but printed in the Spanish language.

The problem as to the proper gateway to the north pole has acquired additional interest since the late news from the *Polaris*; and it is gratifying to know that the approval by the United States authorities of the Smith Sound route for Captain Hall's exploration is fully indorsed by the best English geographers. In a communication by Captain Sherard Osborne before the Royal Geographical Society of London on the 20th of April last it was remarked that at only two points has it been found practicable to penetrate to the arctic seas as far as the eightieth degree of north latitude, the one by way of Spitzbergen, and the other by way of Baffin Bay, the two being about ninety degrees apart. The route by way of Spitzbergen has never been followed beyond eighty-two and a half degrees, from which point an impenetrable sea of ice was seen extending toward the north, with indications of land running east and west beyond Spitzbergen. Here the southward motion of the ice-fields, on which Parry traveled in 1828, carried him back as fast during the night as he advanced during the day. This, in Captain Osborne's opinion, must be a standing difficulty in the way of any explorer, and he is satisfied that the Baffin Bay route, and especially that by Smith Sound, is the one that must be relied upon for any future advance toward the pole, especially as by this route (in the same parallel as that of the Spitzbergen pathway) land was seen extending northward instead of from east to west, and with indications of open water, and the probability of much less trouble from ice drift.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

"Young man, do you ever drink?" asked a mild-looking gentleman of Jeffkins. "Well, yes, seeing it's a cold morning, I don't mind if I do." "Then don't do it any more, young man, or you'll come to an untimely and dishonored grave." Jeffkins looked after the retiring stranger with an air of disgust.

What can you not name without breaking it?—Silence.

What is the military definition of a kiss?—Report at head-quarters.

"Sha'n't I see you hum from singing-skule to-night, Jerushy?" "No, you sha'n't do no such thing. I don't want you nor your company, Reuben." "P'r'aps you didn't exactly understand what I said." "Yes, I did; you asked me if you mightn't see me hum." "Why, no, I didn't; I only asked you how your marm was."

Absence makes the heart grow fonder—of some one else.

A student at a veterinary college being asked, "If a broken-winded horse were brought to you to cure, what would you advise?" promptly replied, "To sell him as soon as possible."

In a pool across a road in the county of Tipperary is stuck up a pole, having affixed to it a board with this inscription: "Take notice, that when the water is over this board the road is impassable."

An Irishman, on observing a beautiful cemetery, remarked that he considered it a healthy place to be buried in.

When is a thief like a reporter?—When he takes notes.

Why do "birds in their little nests agree?"—Because they'd fall out if they didn't.

If I were in the sun and you were out of it, what would the sun become?—Sin.

Johnny is just beginning to learn geography. He says the Poles live partly at one end of the globe and partly at the other.

It is said of a certain physician that he never passed the church-yard of the place where he resided without pulling forth his handkerchief from his pocket and hiding his face with it. Upon this circumstance being noticed by an acquaintance, he apologized for it by saying, "You will recollect, Sir, what a number of people there are who have found their way hither under my direction. Now, I am always apprehensive lest some of them, recognizing my features, should lay hold of me, and oblige me to take up my lodging along with them."

Why is a pig the most extraordinary animal in creation?—Because you first kill and then cure him.

That Massachusetts boy was a chip of the old block whose mother told him next day was fast, and she should expect him to keep it. "I will keep it, mother; I'll eat as fast as the Governor wants."

A GENTLEMAN'S DESCRIPTION OF HIS WIFE'S TEMPER.

Monday.—A thick fog, no seeing through it.

Tuesday.—Gloomy and very chilly, unseasonable weather.

Wednesday.—Frosty, at times sharp.

Thursday.—Bitter cold in the morning, red sunset, with flying clouds, portending hard weather.

Friday.—Storm in the morning, with peals of thunder; air clear afterward.

Saturday.—Gleams of sunshine, with partial thaw; frost again at night.

Sunday.—A light southwester in the morning; calm and pleasant at dinner-time; hurricane and earthquake at night.

What is the difference between a cloud and a beaten child?—One pours with rain, and the other roars with pain.

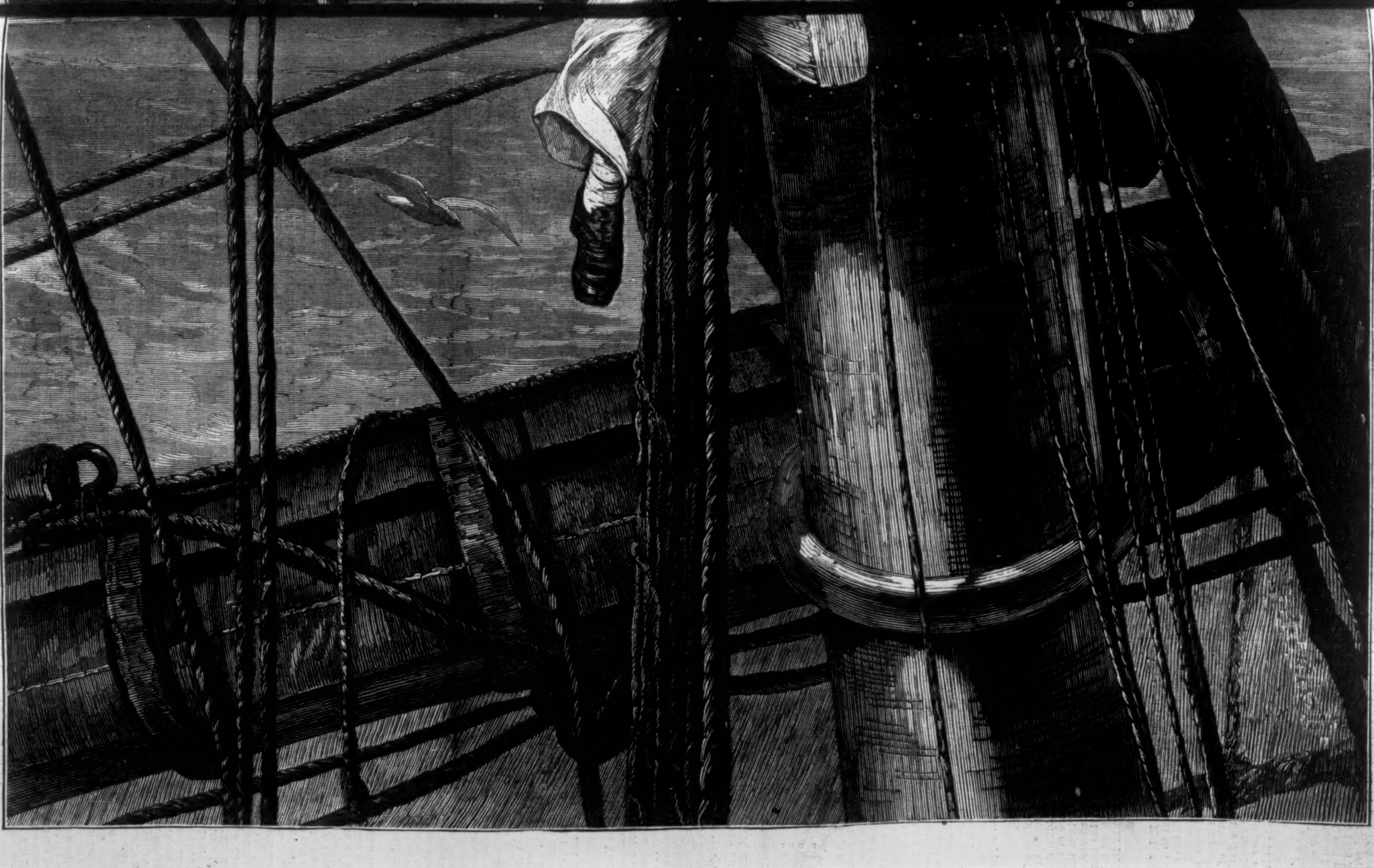
A Western editor's statement, "We are living at this moment under absolute despotism," is attributed by his contemporaries to the fact that he has just been married.

Why should Ireland be the richest country in the world?—Because its capital is always Dublin.

The author of the saying that "you must always take a man as you find him" was a constable.

An Irishman in France, drinking with some company who proposed the toast, "The land we live in," "Ay, with all my soul, my dear," said he: "here's poor ould Ireland."

Quin, dining one day at an ordinary, was seated next to a person of a most voracious disposition, and observing him to cut a very large piece of bread, which he laid by his plate against the bringing up of dinner, the wit took it up and pretended to cut a piece off it. This was quickly noticed by the other, who told him, in a very abrupt manner, that it was his bread. "I ask pardon," said Quin, in his usual deliberate way, "I really took it for the loaf."



MAST-HEADED—A MIDDY IN DISGRACE.

MAST-HEADED.

The spirited engraving on this page illustrates an incident in *Midshipman Easy*, the hero of which, Jack Easy, is a harum-scarum youngster who has been sent to sea to get toned down. The captain, a friend of his father, has no end of trouble with him, the more so as Easy's propensity to get into scrapes arises rather from exuberance of animal spirits than from the love of mischief or from a bad disposition. To add to the captain's perplexity, the lad takes lectures and punishments with the same easy nonchalance with which he disobeys ship rules and leads his comrades into exasperating escapades. He was sent one day to pass a few hours in solitary meditation at the mast-head for some misdemeanor which the captain could not overlook. He had had an argument with his captain about the articles of war, Jack trying to prove that mast-heading was an illegal punishment. We will give the result in the words of the novel:

"Jack took off his hat, and took three or four steps in obedience to the order, and then returned and made his best bow, inquired of Captain Wilson whether he wished him to go to the fore or to the main mast head.

"'To the main, Mr. Easy,' replied the captain, biting his lips.

"Jack ascended three spokes of the Jacob's ladder, when he again stopped, and took off his hat.

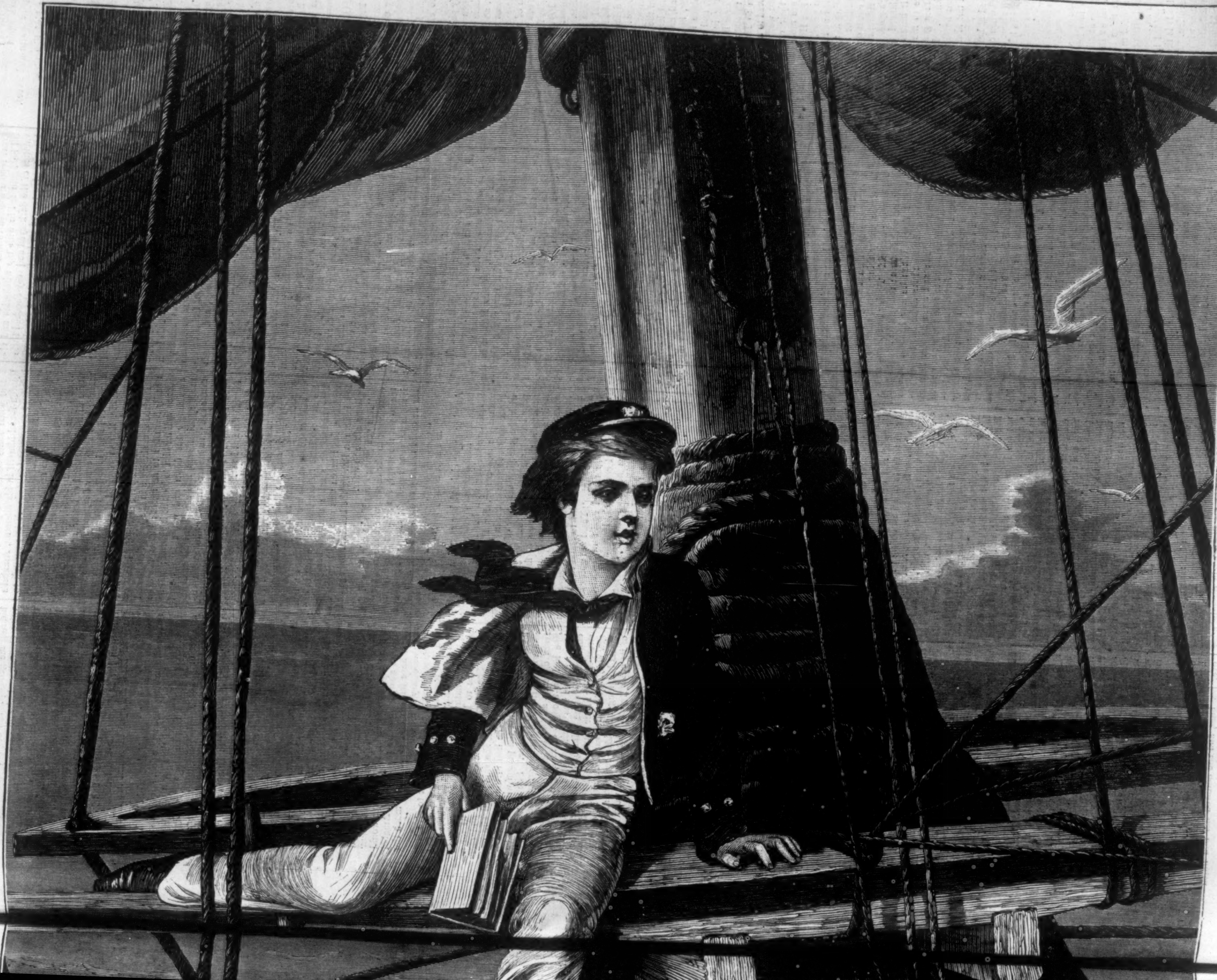
"'I beg your pardon, Captain Wilson—you have not informed me whether it is your wish that I should go to the topmast or the top-gallant cross-trees.'

"'To the top-gallant cross-trees, Mr. Easy,' replied the captain.

"'Jack ascended, taking it very easy: he stopped at the main-top for breath; at the main-topmast head, to look about him; and, at last, gained the spot agreed upon, where he seated himself, and, taking out the articles of war, commenced them again, to ascertain whether he could not have strengthened his arguments. He had not, however, read through the seventh article before the hands were turned up—'up anchor!' and Mr. Sawbridge called, 'All hands down from aloft?' Jack took the hint, folded up his documents, and came down as leisurely as he went up."

The romance of sea life is chiefly confined to books and pictures. In spite of all its fascinations it is a rough and wearing life, full of hardships and dangers of which landsmen have little or no conception. The records of our consuls in foreign ports, and of our courts in our own maritime towns, show that the sailor's life on board ship is too often one uninterrupted stretch of hardship and misery. Even if the captain and his officers are honest and humane men, disposed to treat their sailors as if they were human beings, the dangers and hardships to which they are necessarily exposed at all seasons of the year are so great that one is inclined to wonder how men can be found to engage in such a calling; but when the captain and his officers, as is too frequently the case, are harsh, cruel men, who care less for a sailor than if he were a dog, life on board ship becomes utterly unendurable. The men are cruelly beaten, kicked, and cuffed for the most trifling offenses, and often for none at all. They are made to work when sick, they are half starved on miserable rations, and subjected to every other form of cruelty which a devilish ingenuity can suggest. Scarcely a ship reaches a foreign port that the sailors do not seek out the consul to complain of cruel treatment, and sometimes, when no redress can be obtained, the crew desert in a body, preferring to incur the loss of wages entailed by such a course to sailing again on a ship which the officers, to use their own language, "have made a hell of." Recent legislation by Congress has done much to reform these abuses.

The naval service is, of course, free from many abuses to which the merchant service is liable. As a rule, the superior officers are gentlemen who would not order or countenance cruel punishments, or subject the men under their command to unnecessarily harsh discipline; yet occasionally we read of cases of barbarous treatment on board of national vessels which would seem incredible if they were not well authenticated. The possession of nearly absolute power is very apt to lead to its abuse, and many cruel acts of tyranny are perpetrated by subordinate officers which never come under the notice of the captain. The men fear to complain, lest they incur worse treatment in the future from the underling whose petty spite they have aroused. Too many officers have not yet unlearned the old doctrine that sailors are to be governed only by harshness, and that if they are shown any kindness or consideration they will take advantage of it to become lazy and insubordinate. "To be obeyed we must be feared," was the universal rule in years gone by, and many officers act upon it still. When flogging was abolished in our navy the advocates of the lash predicted that the service would go to the dogs. But experience has shown them to be false prophets, and that sailors, like other men, can be ruled by kindness and just discipline.



THE NEST OF LOVES.

When thou feelest drawing near
The first chill of winter drear,
In October, swallow fleet,
Far away thou flyest then;
But thou comest back again
When the days grow warm and sweet.

But Love, though a bird like thee,
Never flies away from me;
Ever he remains my guest:
From my heart he ne'er removes;
O'er a thousand little Loves
Broodeth he within my breast.

One has wings already grown;
One is still a ball of down;
One is drying in the nest;
One is half out of the shell
That another pecketh well;
And the egg-shells hide the rest.

And I hear, by night and day,
These same little Loves alway
Chirping, chirping for their food;
And the larger feed the small,
Till the next year finds them all
Parents of another brood.

Dear friend, tell me what to try:
So beset with Loves am I
That I'm tempted, in despair,
With a dagger through my heart
Suddenly to end its smart,
And kill all the birdlings there!

HONORA.

By HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

Yes, Honora Brentworth was always a statuesque thing. They used to make their angels and ghosts and sculptures of her in all their charades and tableaux, and well she played the part. But one night I saw her in a statue scene that was enough to chill your blood, almost as hers was chilled.

She was naturally pale—none of the sickly cast of skin, but a waxen whiteness that was lovely in itself to the artistic eye, that finds pleasure in all varying beauty, and where it chooses blushes on one face, chooses pallor on another. But Honora herself detested this pallor, and often put a delicate dash of rouge upon her cheek and chin; and then she was beautiful, with her straight fair hair banded away from the classic face, whose profile was like a Psyche's, and the long-lashed eyes that were almost always cast down under their snow-white lids. "What a deathly hue!" she would cry, as she looked in the glass. "It is a sort of hospital flag; it warns every body off from me. Nobody likes to keep company with the dead and dying, and so don't preach any more about my rouge!" Nor was she altogether wrong in her comparison, for she had some inscrutable disease of the heart that now they would call by a long and learned name, but that then had no name at all, emperors not having died of it. Its character, however, was better known than its name, since it frequently caused her to faint quite away, and might eventually prove a more serious thing, in case any sudden shock or pleasure should ever hurry the blood too swiftly on its passage through the heart—a thing not likely to happen to Honora, who was cool and calm and unmoved to a degree not common with women, for most women have not such earthly fixity, and in their changing and flitting and sparkling they are more like the evanescent and ethereal fire. But Honora had had the trouble for half a dozen years, and said little or nothing about it, and was well and strong in spite of the occasional fainting-fit; and she was so fine and queenly and brilliant that she had more lovers than she could count on her fingers.

For all that, Honora was not happy. Mordecai sat in the king's gate. She was such a self-contained, self-balanced thing that nobody would have guessed it unless observing her as closely as I did, since to me she was something of a study, for I am a gossiping thing, as you see, telling all I know. But Honora took counsel with nobody but herself, and, if you can understand me, did not always tell all she knew even to herself.

So as I looked at her I could well discover how listless she was when one person only was absent from the group about her. I could see that the room was empty to her if he was not there, that she heard people talking as if in a dream, and wished that she could waken; and when he came she woke, she lifted the beautiful white lids, and the great soft dove eyes glistened, and while he spoke to her the sweetest suspicion of color seemed to fan up into her cheek, so that then she needed no rouge at all. But, after all, that was seldom, for Andrew Renton had other calls upon his time than those Honora made. I think he was a light-minded man, not worth the devotion of so deep and strong a nature as Honora's—of such a nature as Honora's might have been had good angels guided her. But that is the way of the world. It is those men that too frequently get the devotion. And Andrew Renton had a graceful manner with him that was captivating; he had a troubadourish sort of beauty; men loved him, and it did not need his brilliant talk, his daring riding, his dash and glitter, to conquer women, so long as he had that graciously sovereign way and that air of undivided interest, which always served him where better men had failed.

Nevertheless, Andrew Renton might have been all well enough if he had had a steady soul; but he was as uncertain as the wind; because he was in this quarter to-day, it was no sign he was to be there to-morrow. He had no fixed purposes, not even any preferences; he could not tell, in point of fact, whether he liked virtue or vice the best. He thought the *Last Rose of Summer* the sweetest tune in the world when Amabel Burney sang it, and continued thinking so till he heard Honora sing *Home, sweet Home.* He was sure the bluebell in Honora's fair braids was the loveliest flower that blows till he saw the camellia in Amabel's dark curls; the blonde's great repose seemed to him absolute perfection till he again fell in with the witcheries and vivacities of the dark-eyed and rosy-cheeked little beauty. He turned on his finger the sapphire, whose dark blue facets broke into blood-red rays at the angles of its cutting, and wondered which of those two lovely hands would wear it, as if fate and not he were to determine.

But before Amabel Burney crossed his vision he had been all Honora's, save for occasional acts of vagrancy of no duration; and he had hesitated in his contemplated proposal of marriage only because he could not judge from her manner what the answer would be, and a not unusual vanity made him desire certainty. Every day she had expected to hear the words from his lips; she knew that she was his already; she felt that he was hers. She was so certain of his love, indeed, that she did not feel it necessary to restrain her own feelings, and though she confided nothing to any body, she loved him tenderly and idolatrously. And one night she had betrayed it.

He came, on the morning after that fatal evening, his heart full—though, as you see, it did not take much to fill it. He was sure now of good fortune, though no words had passed between them, and he intended to complete the mute avowal of the night before, and have a definite understanding in relation to their marriage. Honora, on the night before, standing under the chandelier, with its light pouring down on the *blonde cendrée* hair and gilding it, pouring over her draperies of pale silk, and flashing back from her great pearls, seemed to him so glorious a creature that he dared not wait longer ere he claimed her. He could not wait, he said. And yet if I should tell you the exact truth, it would be that as he mounted the steps the next morning he experienced a strange sense of suffocation, and had half the mind to retreat before he was manacled. I suppose the artist in him loved Honora, but the man in him loved liberty.

But as he entered the parlors that morning, without announcement, he saw Honora in the music-room beyond, with her young singing-mistress standing beside her, and he quietly took his seat in the window, shielded by the curtain, to gaze on her at his pleasure till the lesson should be through. But the lesson was long. He could not see Honora further than some folds of her dress; only the music-teacher faced him, brunette and bright, velvet-eyed and rosy-lipped—a little piece of as perfect flesh and blood as he had ever seen, he said—only the voice of the fresh young thing thrilled him. Before the lesson was over callers of importance came, and, of course, the business of the day would have had to be postponed even if it had suffered no diversion. There was possibility only between him and Honora of one long full look into each other's eyes, one long close pressure of the hands, mute reiteration of the night's mute assurance; and so it chanced that Mr. Renton walked home with the little music-teacher, and he would have been a very different being from Andrew Renton if he had not followed up his opportunity, for he was a man nowise fastidious as to caste, and he found that he had made the acquaintance of one as lovely in nature as in face, as innocent and unsuspecting and sweet as a child should be, as modest and timid as a woman. There was nothing timid about Honora, though reserve and cold pride might counterfeit the charm.

At first it had been accident that threw him in the little musician's society; it was accident that caused them to meet again in music-rooms, and at other houses; then it was purpose. He followed the pretty thing about, thinking he was but amusing himself. To-day he fulfilled an engagement with Honora; to-night he went to hear Amabel sing. When he saw Honora he was her slave, and showed it; as he left her his fetters were loosened; and when he saw Amabel he thought it as sweet to rule there as to serve elsewhere. Honora's fortune and Amabel's poverty made no difference with him; he already had, if not as much wealth as he wanted, yet enough to answer at a pinch—his wife, whoever she might be, could have her own coach, and would not be destitute of diamonds.

Nevertheless, as the days went, he felt a trifle uneasy—the least in the world displeased with himself. He wished he had never seen Amabel, or else, on the night before he did, he had not walked with Honora in the conservatory and in the dim shadows of the palms and bananas there; for on that night they had been dancing together, he flushed with the music and the waltz, and maybe with the wine, she white and still as before; and as they paused a moment in their sauntering through the green obscurity, where each of them might have seemed little more than a beautiful shadow to the other, he had suddenly, impelled by he knew not what rashness, except the fever in his blood, bent and kissed Honora's perfect mouth; and, as if the fiery touch had broken the statue-like spell that always bound her, she had met his lips with lips as passionate. And then gay approaching voices came down the blossoming aisle with jests and laughter, and they were not alone again. But what woman of Honora's temperament, after all that had gone before—the long friendship, the long wooing—what woman who loved, and believed in the honor of her lover, would not have received that kiss as the avowal she had awaited—would not have expected plainer raptures and more open declarations on the morrow? And what woman would not have sat in amazed and indignant silence, biding her time, when days passed, and weeks, and, at length, one month was slipping into another, and still the lover came, and yet no plainer word was spoken? What woman would not have been resolved to discover the reason that lay behind it all, and if love was so strong in her that she could not hate her lover, would not have hated the thing that she found was robbing her of him?

But when some weeks had passed, and Mr. Renton found himself in his dilemma, Amabel's influence counteracting Honora's just enough to make him uncertain of himself—uncertain whether he wished that he might marry both of them or that he had never seen either of them; and when other weeks had passed, and affairs were worse with him instead of better, and Honora's manner grew icier every day, and Amabel's had a touch of pathos in it that it tried a man to see, then Mr. Renton resolved that he would leave town and both of these magnets for a while, and trust to time to clear up the matter for him.

He had some business in the West that he had usually intrusted to an agent; but it would be just as well for him to look at it himself; and he accordingly sat down and wrote letters and made appointments, and completed his arrangements in such a manner that the wiles and strategies of neither of the two enemies of his peace should be able to have any influence with him for this time at least.

The room was full at Honora's when he went to speak of his approaching departure, for it was her reception-day—the street cumbered with fine equipages and the stairways with gorgeous women. "I have come to bid you good-by," he said, standing beside her and taking her fan. He saw the least tremor imaginable run in one long undulating sparkle through her jeweled necklace, for Honora was one of those who do not believe in leaving the beautiful for age and ugliness alone to wear.

"Are you going away?" she asked; and the color crept to her cheek, where she had forgotten to put the rouge, the faintest rose-flush, but it made her simply perfect; and as he looked at her he could not help murmuring,

> "A woman of the gods, divinely tall
> And most divinely fair."

Another guest claimed her attention that moment, and as she absently held her hand for the fan while speaking with her face averted and toward the new-comer, Mr. Renton had nothing to do but to gaze at her in her magnificence, with the pale pink shimmer of her silk, the vapory lace, the jewels, the features like a Greek goddess's, the shining fairness of face, and the smile as dreamy as if she were a being of another sphere that all the time reclaimed her thoughts. It was too much for Renton, of course; you might as well expect him to stand in the East and not feel the sun. "Yes, I am going away," he said, as she turned again in his direction. "And when I come back, Honora?"

What, when he came back? She meant to answer him coldly, but it was impossible. She had loved him from childhood; suspense and fear had only fed the flame. Love loses all sense of pride; anger goes down before it. Doubtless he had been trifling with her, but—she loved him. "When you come back?" she said, under her breath, marble white, not lifting her eyes.

He was bending low before her in ceremonious adieu, to all the world, if all the world were looking, but he had taken her handkerchief-holder, and was sliding its ring over the third finger of her outstretched hand. "When I come back," he said, "shall I put a different ring on that finger—one never to come off?"

She could not speak; she could only reply with a grasp of the hand; and then glancing up, he saw the blush mounting her white face, bathing cheek and forehead in its deep and rosy tints, and suddenly surging away and leaving them ashen, as she fell forward, fainting.

There was an outcry at once about the heat of the rooms; and these crowded up with fans, and those with vinaigrettes, and the rest with ice-water and with wine; and Renton carried her to the sofa of an adjoining parlor, and left her with her feathered and jeweled tiring-women. And when she came out again, half an hour afterward, pale and smiling, with an ineffable peace on her face, he kissed her hand and went.

Mr. Renton thought that he would write little Amabel a farewell, and he went to drive in the Park, and he dined with a friend, and when evening came he did not feel like writing. He felt like hearing some music, and he knew he could not see Honora, for she was to be at a grand dinner-party. And so, on the whole, it seemed as well to be civil, and bid little Amabel good-by in person. He could suffer the statement to escape in the course of casual conversation, he fancied, that he felt himself bound in honor to Honora, and that would put an end to any expectations Amabel might have cherished. Yes, he repeated, as he went along, he certainly was bound in honor—and Mr. Renton had not an idea but that he was one of the most honorable men alive.

Amabel was sitting at her piano when he went in; but she was not playing; her head was leaning forward on the music-rack, and her attitude was one of listless melancholy. At his step she sprang to her feet, and he saw that the tears were still sparkling upon her face, and making her, with her burning cheeks and her dark eyes glittering under the moisture, more dazzling than ever. She sat down again directly, after greeting him, and began to play to him, and then to sing. Renton was a connoisseur in his way; the voice, if not strong, was sweet, and the method was fine, the feeling was perfect; he lounged in a comfortable chair, gazing at the pretty picture the girl made, his soul and senses soothed in an epicurean luxury. By-and-by Amabel left the piano and came to sit beside him. "Oh!" she cried, "I thought you were gone!"

"And was that why you were crying?" he asked. She stopped a moment in her advance. "I haven't any friends, you know, in all the world!" she said. "I am all alone. And you seemed—you seemed—"

"I seemed—"

She paid no attention to his tone, but impatiently shook back the tumbling black curls. "And when I thought you had gone without bidding me good-by," she began; and then her voice choked, and she flung herself half about and burst into tears again. And in another moment Renton, who could not endure the sight of pain at all, never the sight of tears, and least of all the tears of a pretty child for whom he had a tenderness, had his arms about her, and was kissing off the tears, and declaring that he loved her passionately. And when he drove away to the station that night he had left his ring upon her finger, and he had bidden her be ready for her bridal upon his return two months hence.

As he established himself that night in his section of the sleeping-car, he felt, strange as it may seem, better satisfied than for a long time before. He decided that he had acted rightly, and not only rightly but magnanimously. Honora had other interests, other pleasures, distractions, friends, and lovers, but Amabel had only himself. He would write to Honora and close the affair between them, or he would let it slide, and make things right when they met. He thought the matter over, and was sure he should be happier with the gentle little Amabel—there was something far more flattering to his self-love in Amabel's reverence for him as a demi-god than in Honora's love for him as a man. And he pictured the girl in the splendor in which he would array her as his bride, and he heard her some night surprising his friends with that rich sweet voice of hers, and he fell asleep. That either of the young women would have despised him for his conduct to the other did not occur to him; and he was right, for contempt would not have abated Honora's passion, and Amabel would have felt her love to be but so much the more necessary to him.

That week, as usual, Amabel went to give Honora her lesson. She was near the end of the term with all her pupils, and she thought it better to finish naturally, and then the money would be of value to her in making herself fit for a bride. She must have one white silk and one black one, at any rate, she said; and she had already laid out all she had in the purchase of the white one, which the person with whom she boarded was fitting for her. She was so happy and so glad that she could hardly keep herself from dancing as she passed along the street. She had no thought of making a secret of her bliss; and it was during Honora's lesson that, emphasizing some point of her instruction, she stretched her finger across the page, and Honora saw shining there the sapphire with its deep blue facets breaking into blood-red rays at the angles of its cutting—saw that Amabel wore Renton's ring.

It was only by a supreme effort then that Honora kept her self-control. But she did. She felt herself sinking and falling, but she clutched the edge of the piano and sat upright; and presently the blood that the shock had sent curdling about her heart had regained its equilibrium. The sight of that ring had not been wholly unexpected by her; she had been making her quiet investigations, and had divined that Renton had been paltering with the girl in all that time when she had been waiting for him to speak decisively to herself. She had felt, to be sure, that that was over and done with since the morning when he bade her farewell before his journey, and made her heart beat so with joy as he slipped the handkerchief ring on her own finger; but when days had passed without the receipt of a line from him, she had begun to fear that his fickleness had the better of him again. She had wondered, during those silent days, if Amabel could give no further account of him; she had reasoned that if some kind fortune would remove Amabel for a time, all would be well. And now, as she sat there gazing on the sapphire, every thing that she could do was to repeat over and over to herself, "I must put her out of the way!"

She would make sure of the thing first. She looked up at Amabel's happy face. "You are wearing Mr. Renton's ring," she said, calmly.

"I am engaged to Mr. Renton," answered the triumphant girl, with a deep soft blush.

"I suppose I need not ask you, then, if you have heard from him since he went away?"

"Oh, every day!" said Amabel. "He is so good to me!" There was something appealing in the girl's attitude; she was quite Honora's age, and was her teacher, yet somehow seemed very much weaker and younger; she was half conscious, perhaps, that she had, though unwittingly, robbed the other of the love of a lifetime; she seemed almost to ask pardon as she stood beside her, with her down-dropped hands clasped together, and her down-dropped eyelids veiling the depth of her eyes, as if they might reveal too much happiness were they lifted. "He is so good to me," said Amabel.

"How can he help it?" said Honora, briefly. And she looked at the girl in her indigo-hued dress, with the rich carnations and creams of her clear dark skin, and the smile that brooded over her bliss, and she admired her and hated her together.

"I must put her out of the way," repeated Honora. And she sat repeating it long after Amabel had gone. "She has no friends to inquire after her," she said at last. "And as for him, he will presently forget! It can only be the infatuation of a moment that is conquering the purpose of years. Were she but removed, he would return to me and be as he was before. Why should I let her rob me?" she cried aloud. "He was mine! He is mine! It is only the glamour of her colors and lustres, her lovely flesh and blood, that obscures our love. A year with her placid stupidities and silly minauderies would vex his soul out of his body, and she too would be merely wretched. And I will do her no harm, indeed," she added, presently. "If I shut her up half a dozen years, she will be in no worse slavery or prison bounds than she is now, as she goes through the drudgery of her dreary round of lessons. And when she is free—I am rich—she shall have an annuity awaiting her that will secure her forever from care and work, and she will be still young, and she will find other lovers. What can she know of love? What is her passion of two months beside mine, that has grown with my growth and strengthened with my strength? And by that time his fate will have been settled. He will have searched for her a little while, will have failed, will have come to me for consolation, will have found it, and I will have my own again!" she cried. "He was mine! He is mine! He shall be mine!" As she stood there in the sunshine, white, and with radiant eyes and a fierce, strong smile, she was the picture of triumph and defiance.

Wealth can do many things in a great and wicked city. It can hire strong arms and hard hearts; it can have coaches waiting in the shadow of appointed places to-night if yesterday missed, and to-morrow if to-day misses; it can purchase certificates of physicians; it can secure the silence and the services of the keepers of the insane. And it did all that for Honora. And when the iron gates had clanged behind her rival, and she knew that till she spoke the word the girl would see no sunshine save that which fell through a grate, she sat down and awaited the lover to retain whom she had wrought such evil. The wild wretchedness and woe of the wailing girl within those cruel walls, the struggles, the appeals, the fruitless efforts, the despair that was akin to madness—all these things mattered not to Honora now. She would not be troubled by them. "It may as well be she as I," she said. "It had to be one of us. What will he think of her? What I want him to think of her—that she is false and vile as she is fair! She is out of the way. Come, Andrew Renton, come!"

But Amabel Burney, in saying she had not a friend in the world, had reckoned without her host—or, rather, as we should say, her hostess; for the person with whom she had her home had not seen the little maiden going in and out, always so happy, so industrious, so bright, without giving her many a kind and loving thought. And now when the child did not come home, but her music, her dresses, her letters, were all lying in her room as she had left them, day after day untouched, the good woman became alarmed, visited the chief of police, turned over the letters till she found the address, and wrote to Andrew Renton, and then went on finishing the white silk wedding dress, though she dropped many a tear on the seams.

And so Andrew Renton came—came sooner than he was expected, and unknown at first to any but the chief and the person who had sent for him, while all his heart was awake and alive and aflame. It had needed but such a thing to make him a man; and now, fixed of purpose, sleepless and tireless and racked with a thousand pangs, he was working out by day and night the salvation of the lost girl. It is true, the chief had a suspicion, for his own part, that it might be Andrew himself who had spirited the girl away, and was quietly working out that little problem in the dark. But Andrew knew nothing of that, nor would he have cared if he had known. A chosen friend was with him now, a score of keen detectives followed his commands, and in the nights when Honora in her white satisfied sleep lay dreaming of him as still far away in the Western snows, he was, perhaps, passing under her window, as he delved and wrought out her secret from the dark recesses of the city's crime.

The two months of Mr. Renton's promised stay in the West had expired at last. His sister, quite ignorant of all the coil, had told Honora that a telegram from his agent had prepared her to expect him now on any train, and she had decided not to postpone the great party she had announced for his birthday. "He may come," she said, "before it is over. And I shall save the new waltz for the last, so that you may have it with him, my dear. *L'Amour et La Mort*—oh, the air is perfectly ecstatic! There, it goes this way!" and with that the giddy young matron had waltzed herself out of the room.

Honora went late to that party. He was coming! Her heart beat so at the thought all day that she could hardly move, and she did not put on her rouge, lest the flush that greeted him should be redder than rouge. But at night she was white and calm and statuesque as she had ever been. No one that looked at her would have guessed the riot about that heart, and not a line upon her perfect face showed the consciousness of any evil, told that a crime lay behind its mask, and that she carried about with her the foul burden of a murdered soul. "He is coming," she was thinking. "He will see me before he knows the thing has gone; and the absence may have ruined all that. I shall dance with him; I shall regain my power! Presently I shall hear his step, I shall hear his dear voice, I shall touch his hand, I shall see his face!" She sat just a little withdrawn from the full blaze of the light, refusing to dance with any, though she kept the gayest group in the room about her. Never had any one seen or heard her so brilliant; but she hardly knew what she was saying. Every nerve was stretched for the moment of his coming. The music went sounding on deliciously, the flowers gave up their intoxicating odors, the gleam of jewels and the sheen of satins moved before her, all unconscious of them: she saw nothing but the door through which Andrew Renton was to pass. As she sat there on the low ottoman, her white brocade, with the pale blooms swimming over it, spread around her, with the steady glow of her carbuncles, with the bandeau of deep red roses in her hair, she was as sumptuous and superb a creature as ever waited for a suitor to tread a measure; and she knew it.

But the evening was wearing on, and at last, after a brief silence from the orchestra, there stole out the first breathings of a low and far-off strain—a single horn sighing the sweet convolutions of the tune, softened and re-echoed by bassoon and flute, swollen by the violins, till the full band burst forth with the perfect music of *L'Amour et La Mort*, and just at that moment a murmur was running round the room that the one in whose honor the fête was given had arrived.

It happened that the various groups of the room had gathered just then between Honora and the door. A gentleman bent over her shoulder, speaking with her, and her eyes were on her fan, whose filigree silver sticks she was slowly shifting. Her pulses were beating with the music, but she did not know that the tune was *L'Amour et La Mort*. She did not hear what the admirer bending there above her said. She did not see Andrew Renton, tall and splendid and stately, approaching her with another on his arm; she did not feel his presence in the room, till his voice sent the blood bubbling through her veins while he said, "Permit me, Honora, to present to you my wife," and she looked up to see bridegroom and bride—the bridegroom gazing at herself with eyes that pierced her like swords; the bride, wasted, indeed, from the round and dimpled thing she used to be, but still with a rich red mantling her dark cheeks, with a lovely light shining in her dark eyes, as she clasped her husband's arm with both her little hands, and surveyed her enemy.

Honora's breath came quick; a pale color fluttered up her cheek once more and left it again; her heart, like a great trip-hammer, was beating out its blows on her breast as it forged the life of that next minute; her eyes fell, and she never looked up again. But she rose, and, bowing her head, bent before bride and groom in one long proud courtesy—so long and deep an inclination that she had seated herself on the low ottoman again in concluding it. Her hands still held the filigree sticks of the fan, though the sticks were crushed between her fingers; her head was still bowed; the smile was fastened upon her haughty lip. People turned to look at her as she remained so that instant, icy and still, with the smile, the bent head, the fan, the flicker of the wax-lights glancing in her jewels, restless where all was fixed, the face blanching whiter and grayer than the ancient frost. "The man has chosen warm flesh and blood rather than marble," whispered one. "She is like a beautiful statue!" said another. "Like?" cried a third, running forward, as the groups broke up and scattered in a horror, and the ecstatic music hushed itself and stopped—"she is a statue!"

And it was quite true; for Honora sat there, dead.

BURYING THE DEAD IN PERSIA.

The illustration on page 628 represents a band of Persian pilgrims on their road to the shrines of Kerbela and Meshed Ali, near Bagdad, conveying the dead bodies of their friends packed in mummy bundles on the camel's back. The Persians are Mohammedans of the Shiah sect, which is fiercely opposed to the Sonni, or orthodox Mohammedan communion, headed by the Sultan of Turkey, the ground of their hostility being the disputed succession to the Prophet. In the present age, it is said, many of the aristocracy and educated classes profess a sort of pantheistic philosophy called Sufeeism; while the sect of the Bab, whose fanaticism is for a creed nearly identical with that of the Parisian Communists, has excited formidable conspiracies or insurrections, though its leaders were punished with the most horrible tortures.

The reigning Shah belongs to the royal Kadjar family, which is of Turkish origin, from Astrabad and the Ghoorgan, on the southeast shore of the Caspian Sea. They conquered Persia toward the end of the last century, when Aga Mahomed Khan, the first Shah of this dynasty, fixed his capital at Teheran. That city is near the foot of the Elburz Mountain range, seventy miles south of the Caspian, and two hundred miles north of Ispahan, the former capital. The other famous cities of Persia are Shiraz, in the south, which was the ancient metropolis and seat of a refined civilization, attested by the tombs of Hafiz and Saadi, the elegant Persian poets; and Tabreez, the chief town of Azerbaijan, in the northwest, bordering on Russia and Turkey.

The whole extent of the Shah's kingdom is equal to France and Germany put together, but the population can not exceed seven or eight millions. A large portion of the territory is uncultivated and uninhabited, being sterile for want of irrigation. The population of Teheran fluctuates, but may be nearly seventy thousand at the season when the court and army reside there; while the older cities, Ispahan and Shiraz, do not now contain a tenth of their former population, and have fallen into utter decay. Recent travelers and historians give a very bad account of the state of the kingdom, the disorders and oppressions of its government, and the demoralization of all classes among its people. No Asiatic state has witnessed the perpetration of more atrocious cruelties within the last few years, and in none are the lives, liberties, and property of its subjects more deplorably exposed to the caprices of despotic tyranny than in the Shah's dominions. The military power of this sovereign is small compared with what it might be under a better administration; his soldiers are wretchedly armed and clad, and so ill fed or paid that they are forced to plunder their own country.

AN AUTHOR'S PETS.

Dumas the elder, as an earnest worker, was fond (at proper times) of solitude—but not of a solitary solitude. His terrestrial paradise and his work-rooms must have a goodly company of birds and beasts; for he adored animals. Servants, being part of one's own individuality, hardly count as society; his negro lad, Alexis, spoiled and lazy, might be taken as belonging to either one or the other.

Dumas's animals came into his possession in all sorts of ways, the which to relate would be too long. Like Adam, he fitted them all with names. He had three monkeys; one called after a celebrated translator; the other after an illustrious novelist; the third, a female ape, represented an actress then at the zenith of her popularity. French jurists hold that "la vie privée doit être murée"—private life ought to be inclosed with a wall; the exact sobriquets can not, therefore, be given, being founded either on personal resemblance or the details of personal history. We will call the translator Potich, the novelist the Last of the Laidmanoirs, and the lady ape Mademoiselle Desgarcins.

All journeys, long or short, are certain to afford two pleasures—the pleasure of starting, and the pleasure of getting home again. The pleasure of the journey itself is much more precarious.

Dumas had returned from a fatiguing journey. His old friends, the furniture, gave him a welcome which he repaid with smiles. But an easy-chair, close to the fire-place, displayed an unwonted occupant. The seat was filled with a large white muff, whose purring announced it to be a cat.

"Madame Lamarque!"—she was cook—"Madame Lamarque!"

"I was aware that monsieur had arrived," she said, "but I was in the middle of a white sauce; and monsieur, who is a cook himself, knows how easily these blanquettes turn. I ought also to introduce our little foundling; I was sure monsieur would consent to adopt him."

"And where did you find the foundling, Madame Lamarque?"

"In the cellar, crying 'Miaou, miaou!' exactly like a deserted child. What name will monsieur please to give him?"

"Mysouff the Second, if that suits you. Only, Madame Lamarque, pray take good care that he don't eat my Java sparrows, my widow-birds, and my turtle-doves and all the rest."

"No fear of that; he is as innocent as a lamb—a vegetarian, in fact, preferring bread-and-milk to cat's-meat. But, with monsieur's leave, what does Mysouff mean? Is it a cat's name, like Puss or Minet?"

"Certainly; to make Mysouff the Second, there must have been a Mysouff the First." And Dumas fell into a fit of musing which Madame Lamarque did not choose to disturb.

The mention of that name Mysouff had carried his thoughts back full fifteen years. His mother was at that time living. He had still the happiness to be scolded now and then by a mother. He filled a clerk's place under the Duc d'Orleans (Louis Philippe) which brought him in fifteen hundred francs a year, and occupied his time from ten till five. They lived in the Rue de l'Ouest, and they had a cat called Mysouff, which ought to have been a dog.

Every morning Dumas left home at half past nine—it was half an hour's walk from the Rue de l'Ouest to the office in the Rue St. Honoré, No. 216—and every afternoon he returned home at half past five. Every morning Mysouff accompanied his master as far as the Rue de Vaugirard, and every afternoon he went and waited for him at the Rue de Vaugirard. Those were his limits; he never went an inch further. As soon as he caught sight of his master he swept the pavement with his tail; at his nearer approach he rose on all fours, with arching back and tail erect. When Dumas set foot in the Rue de l'Ouest, the cat jumped to his knees as a dog would have done; then, turning round every ten paces, he led the way to the house. At twenty paces from the house he set off at a gallop, and two seconds afterward the expectant mother appeared at the door.

The most curious circumstance was that whenever by chance any temptations caused Dumas to neglect his mother's dinner hour, it was useless for her to open the door; Mysouff would not stir from his cushion. But on the days when Dumas was a punctual good boy, if she forgot to open the door, Mysouff scratched it till she let him out.

There was a garden party of four or five intimates, comprising Maquet, the romance writer, Giraud, the painter, and Alexandre Dumas, the son. Alexis, the spoiled African, had condescended to bring a tray with three or four glasses, a bottle of Chablis, and a bottle of soda-water.

"Tiens," said Alexandre, "I have an idea."

"What may it be?"

"To make Mademoiselle Desgarcins uncork the soda-water."

And, without waiting for leave to be given, he laid the bottle on the floor of the monkey's cage, in the position of a cannon resting on its carriage. "Curious as an ape," the saying goes. No sooner was the cage door shut than its three occupants, headed by the lady, sat in committee on the bottle. She immediately comprehended that the clew to the secret lay in the four strings that crossed the cork. She tugged at them with her fingers. Fingers failing, she tried her teeth, and in a few minutes had bitten through the two uppermost strings. To get at the other two, Potich and the Last of the Laidmanoirs adroitly turned the bottle half round. The third string cut, she attacked the fourth. As the operation advanced, its interest increased. The spectators watched the approaching dénoûment quite as attentively as the actors.

At last came the terrible detonation. Mademoiselle Desgarcins was knocked heels over head and drenched with effervescent water, while Potich and the Last of the Laidmanoirs bounded to the ceiling, and clung to it with piercing screams. The tragi-comic parody of human emotions was too laughable to be believed without being seen.

"I give up my share of soda-water," cried Alexandre, "to let Mademoiselle Desgarcins open a second bottle."

Mademoiselle picked herself up, shook herself, and joined her companions aloft, where they hung by their tails like chandeliers, sending forth unearthly sounds.

"The dear boy fancies he'll catch them again," said Giraud.

"Ma foi!" said Maquet, "I shouldn't be surprised. Curiosity with them is still stronger than fear."

"They!" chimed in Michel, the gardener, who considered Dumas's collection of animals as kept for his (Michel's) own private amusement—"They! They are as obstinate as mules, and will uncork as many bottles of soda-water as you like to give them. Monsieur knows how they are caught in their own country?"

"No, Michel."

"Monsieur doesn't know that!" exclaimed Michel, pitying his master's ignorance. "At least monsieur knows they are very fond of maize. Well, the negroes put maize into a bottle whose neck is just large enough to admit a monkey's empty hand. The monkey clutches a handful of maize, and, sooner than drop it, lets itself be caught."

"It is a consolation, Michel, that if our monkeys escape, you know how to catch them."

"Monsieur may make himself easy as to that. Alexis, another soda-water."

Truth compels the avowal that a second and even a third experiment was tried, with exactly the same results, to Michel's glorification. Alexandre wanted to continue it further, but Dumas observed that poor Mademoiselle Desgarcins had a swollen nose, bleeding gums, and eyes starting out of her head.

"It isn't that," said Alexandre. "You are thinking of your soda-water. I assure you, messieurs, that my father, whom every body takes for a prodigal, is the most miserly man existing on earth."

After having done pen-work till three in the morning, Dumas was still in bed at eight. The door opened, and Michel's head entered, in a visible state of agitation.

"Here's a mess, monsieur!" he abruptly exclaimed. "I don't know how they managed it, but the monkeys have made a hole in their cage big enough to let them out."

"Very well, Michel, the remedy is easy. You have only to buy a little maize, and put it into narrow-necked bottles."

"Ah! Yes; monsieur may laugh, but he won't laugh when he hears the rest."

"Mon Dieu, Michel! what has happened?"

"They have opened the aviary—"

"And the birds have flown away. All the better for them."

"What has happened, monsieur, is, that your six pairs of doves, your fourteen quails, all your rice-birds, Java sparrows, widow-birds, Virginian nightingales, all—all are killed or eaten."

"But, Michel, monkeys don't eat birds."

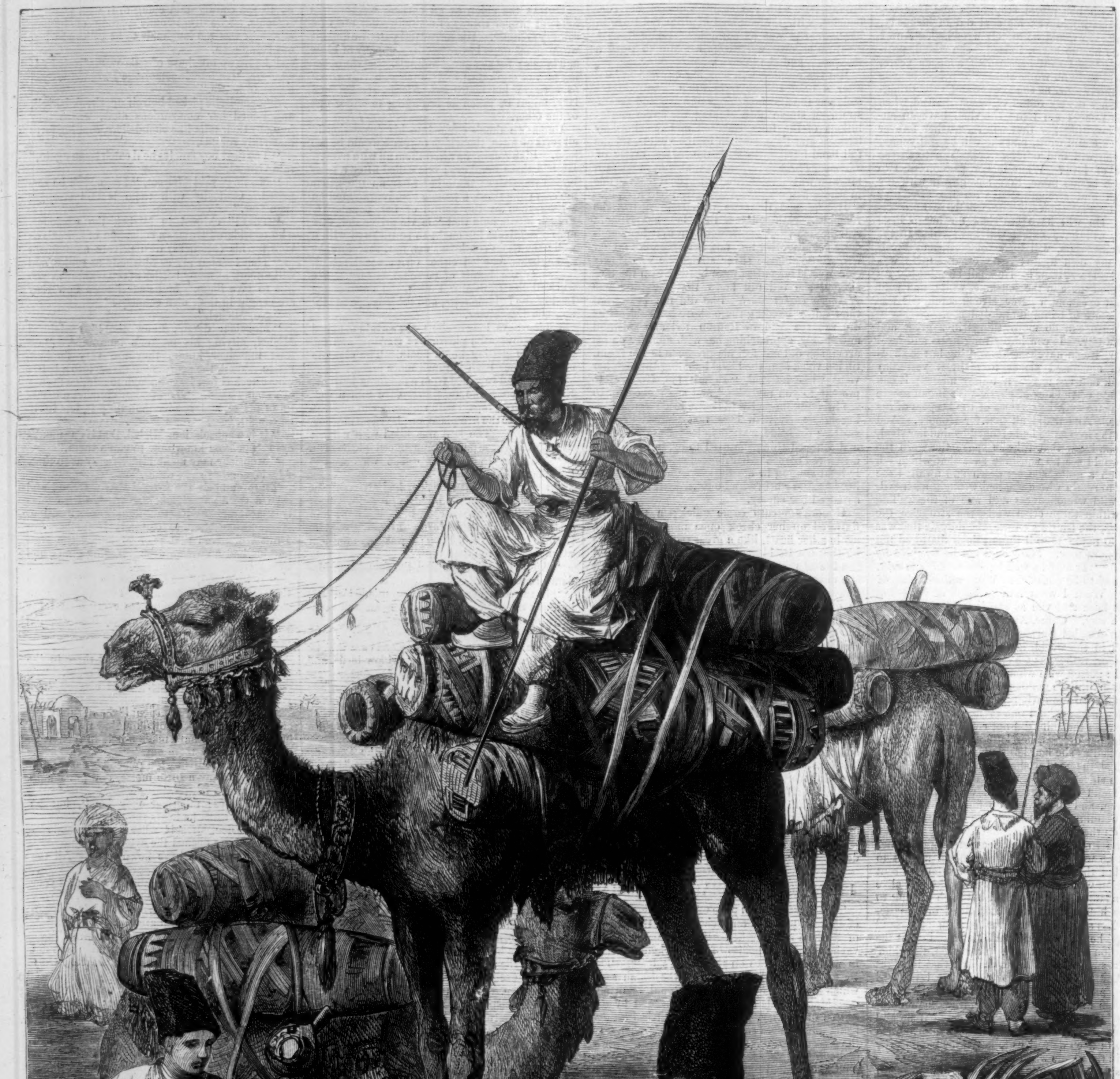
"No; but they fetched a companion who did—Mysouff. It is a veritable massacre. Only come and see."

It was a sight indeed. Potich dangling gracefully from the branch of a maple; the Last of the Laidmanoirs practicing gymnastics on the greenhouse door; Mademoiselle Desgarcins, still in the aviary, bounding from east to west, and from north to south. The trio were recaptured without employing maize bottles, but not without considerable and spiteful resistance.

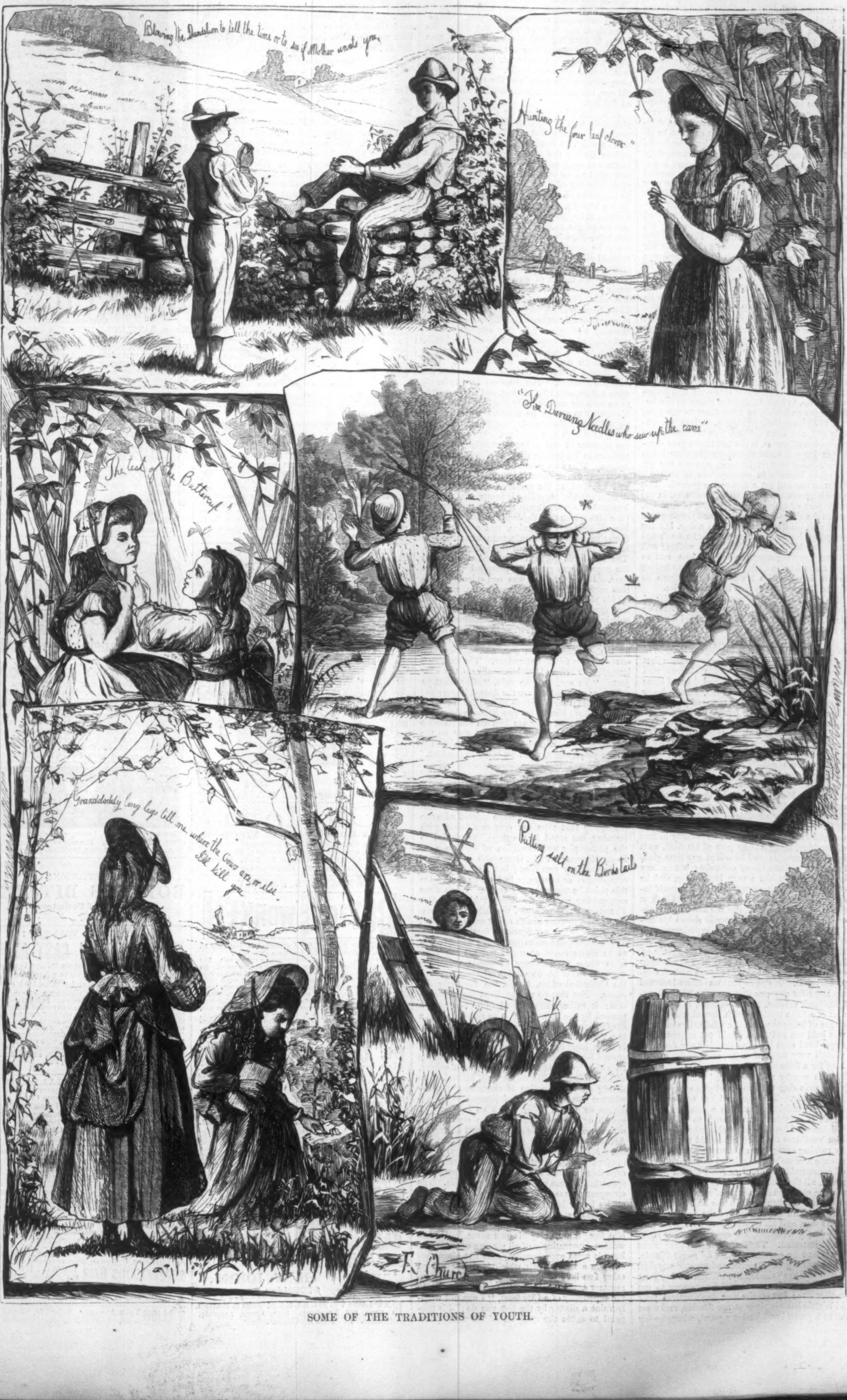
Mysouff was easily caught. They had only to shut the aviary door, and the culprit was in the hands of justice. What should be his punishment? Michel, incensed at the loss of his pets, was for shooting the murderer on the spot; Dumas opposed the summary execution, deferring sentence till the following Sunday, when his usual visitors would form a jury. The criminal would be left meanwhile on the theatre of crime, on bread and water, under lock and key. On Sunday, his feline avicide monomania being admitted as an extenuating circumstance, he was condemned to the mitigated penalty of five years' imprisonment (without hard labor) in monkeys' company. Political events, however, came to his relief.

The revolution of February broke out—the fifteenth or sixteenth change of government which Dumas the elder had lived to witness. During revolutions money comes slowly in, and slips quickly out. Instead of working at literature, Dumas started a journal, *Le Mois*, and wrote for another, *La Liberté*. The two brought him in thirty-one francs per day, but by his *Théâtre Historique* he was daily out of pocket one, two, and sometimes five hundred francs. His only chance was that the partisans of Barbès, Blanqui, and Ledru-Rollin, whom he attacked without mercy in his papers, would, by the application of stick or stone, at once put an end to his writings and his wants.

Meanwhile he must reform his establishment. His three horses and his two carriages were sold—as always happens in troubled times—for the quarter of what they had cost him. Mysouff was treated like a political prisoner—that is, simply set at liberty, and turned adrift to seek his fortune. Mademoiselle Desgarcins and Company were presented to the Jardin des Plantes. Dumas lost a home, but his apes gained a palace. After revolutions it sometimes happens that monkeys are lodged like princes, while princes have to take up with monkeys' lodgings—unless the princes have frightened all Europe, in which case they are lodged like lions.



PERSIAN PILGRIMS WITH THEIR DEAD GOING TO THE SHRINES OF KERBELA AND MESHED ALI.—[See Page 627.]


"Blowing the Dandelion to tell the time or to see if Mother wants you."
"Hunting the four leaf clover."
"The test of the Buttercup."
"The Darning Needles who sew up the ears."
"Granddaddy Long legs tell me where the Cows are, or else I'll kill you"
"Putting salt on the Bird's tail"
F. Church

SOME OF THE TRADITIONS OF YOUTH.

SHEPHERDS' DOGS.

Without training, a pointer would point at any kind of vermin as readily as at the game of which the sportsman is in quest, but a well-trained pointer will make no such mistake. Without training, he would only stand pointing for a few seconds, and then run in upon the game and put it up; but a well-trained pointer waits till he receives the word of command, when his master has come near enough to use his gun. It may be in part through instinct that a shepherd's dog performs many of the important services which he renders to his master in the driving and tending of sheep; but it can not be altogether through instinct, for the best shepherds' dogs are always those which have been carefully trained. Even that which the shepherd's dog does without training, and which seems natural to him from his puppyhood, is probably very much to be ascribed to what is called hereditary instinct, the fruit of the training of many successive generations. But all can not be ascribed to instinct, whether natural to the race or acquired and become hereditary. How can any one think so who has observed a shepherd's dog at his work, and marked his prompt obedience to the command of his master? How readily he understands each word or sign, and at once hastens to do what he is bidden!—perhaps to bring in a number of sheep from a distance, which he accomplishes very quickly, and yet without hurrying them too much, for he is very careful not to do them any harm, and his barking, although sharp, is not angry, nor do the sheep seem to think so, or to be in the least degree alarmed, for they also have profited by experience, and they know him and his ways. Let the object of the shepherd be to get sheep through a gate; the dog evidently perceives it at once, and knows what to do, to bark behind the sheep, to run before them and bark, to drive them to the gate, and to prevent their passing it. More remarkable still, and most decidedly an evidence of the possession of reason, is the fact that a good shepherd's dog will assist a sheep to rise when it has fallen, rolled over on its back, and can not get up again, because, in consequence of its thick fleece, it can not get a foot to the ground. This often happens, especially on hill pastures, in the latter part of spring and beginning of summer, before the sheep-shearing time, and the shepherd must visit his flock several times a day, lest the sheep that have rolled over on their backs should die. But his dog saves him much walking and fatigue, scouring over the hill for him, and as soon as he finds a sheep on its back, proceeding to turn it over with his muzzle till it gets its feet to the ground, so that it is able to rise.

No wonder that the sheep-dog is a favorite of his master, and is treated as a kind of humble friend. He is not turned into a kennel nor into an outhouse when he comes home from his work; his place is at the fireside, where he often wags his tail and puts on a very intelligent look, as if he understood some part of the conversation that takes place. Certainly "Collie" knows well enough when he is spoken of, and dogs of some other kinds evidently do so too. They know when they are alluded to in terms of praise, and when with blame, in the former case giving unmistakable signs of delight, in the latter hanging their heads and looking ashamed. Sir Walter Scott mentions this concerning a favorite dog that he had, a noble hound, of a very different race from the shepherd's dog. But it is very observable in the shepherd's dog. The shepherd's dog, or, at all events, the *collie* of the south of Scotland, which I take to be the most refined and cultivated breed of shepherd's dog, shows himself also very sensible of affront, and vexed by it. He has a ready appetite for oat-cakes, oatmeal in one form or other, but mostly in that of porridge, being a chief part of his food, as it is of his master's; and he will at any time gladly receive a little bit of oat-cake; but let any one hold out to him a very large piece, and he evidently thinks it a cruel jest, feels himself insulted, turns away his head, and will not look at the cake, far less accept it. We know of no other kind of dog that so generally shows his fastidiousness. We have tried the experiment with collies, and always with one result: they would have nothing to do with a very large piece of bread. We have tried it also with other dogs of various kinds, but almost always with the opposite result. No piece that was offered seemed too large for any one that we ever tried—Newfoundland, pointer, terrier—except in one case, that of a Skye terrier, which turned away, as if aware of being mocked, if a whole slice of bread was held out to it, and would not approach the sugar bowl even if it was set upon the floor, although very fond of sugar, and ready to beg long for a little bit of it.

It is worthy to be observed concerning the shepherd's dog that no severity is ever used in his training. The shepherd has no dog-whip. A single punishment such as a gamekeeper often finds or thinks it necessary to inflict on a pointer would spoil a collie altogether and make him worthless for life. He would not resent it by turning savagely on his master, but he would at once become broken-spirited and inert. Words of commendation or of censure are all that he needs, all that suit his nature. The same thing may be observed in animals of some other kinds, as in the elephant and in the finest breeds of horses. The fine feelings of the Scottish shepherd's dog, and his capability of having his feelings deeply wounded, are sometimes very strikingly illustrated. The grandfather of the present writer had an excellent collie, by name Wattie, which was a great favorite, and greatly attached to him and to all the family. When the dog grew old and feeble it was thought necessary to get another one; but on the new dog's arrival, poor old Wattie left his place at the fireside, and went out to a green bank beside a pond, where he lay down, and no persuasion could induce him to return to the house. He wagged his tail a little when kindly spoken to, but he continued to lie in the same spot, and would not rise. He refused food, and in two days he was dead. He seems to have felt that his day was over, that his services were no longer valued, and his old place no longer his, and took it all to signify that his time was come to die. His death, however, seems not to have been the result of mere old age, but to have been hastened by his wounded feelings.

Every body knows how the Ettrick Shepherd pleasantly tells of the dogs that used to accompany their masters to church in the pastoral district in which he lived—how they lay quiet and patient during the whole service, till the last psalm was sung, and the minister and congregation stood up for the blessing, when their delight at the prospect of immediate emancipation could no longer be restrained, but expressed itself by joyous barking. Often have we witnessed such a scene, although we never heard a minister advise the people, as Hogg relates, to "sit still and cheat the dogs." Nor do we think they could easily be deceived in such a matter. In the pastoral districts of Scotland the number of dogs present during divine service always very much attracts the notice of strangers. Many shepherds come to church attended by more than one. It is often almost unavoidable for them to do so, because at certain seasons of the year they must go to the hill, and visit their flocks in the morning, and, if possible, they arrange so as to make part of this inspection on the way to church, leaving to the last that part of the morning's work which may thus be accomplished. It is not always, however, on this account that the dogs are brought. The shepherd likes to be always accompanied by his dog, and the dog likes to be with his master. By frequently attending his master to church he acquires a habit not to be willingly relinquished. He seems to regard going to church as a privilege. We heard from the minister of one of the most strictly pastoral parishes in Tweeddale the following curious anecdote. When he entered on his charge, being a stranger to the district, he was both surprised and annoyed at the presence of the numerous dogs in church, regarding it pretty much as the husband of Jeanie Deans regarded the tobacco-pipe with which the Highland gentleman solaced himself during the service, and condemned it from the pulpit as unseemly, requesting the shepherds thenceforth to leave their dogs at home. The shepherds perhaps wondered a little, but the request was generally complied with for a time. However, there was one splendid collie that soon made his appearance again, and took up his place on the pulpit stairs, which he had long specially appropriated to himself, lying very quietly, unless some other dog ventured to set foot upon the stairs, an intrusion which he would not permit. One day the minister met the shepherd, the owner of the dog, accompanied, of course, by his faithful attendant. The shepherd immediately referred apologetically to the subject. "Ye see, Sir," he said, "after what ye said to us we tried to keep the dogs at hame; but this ane was ower gleg [too sharp] for us. We steekit [shut] him in for twa Sabbath-days, but ever sin' that we ne'er see him on the Sabbath mornin'. He just slips awa' some way on the Saturday nicht, and the next we see o' him is on the pulpit stairs, when we come to the kirk."

SYDNEY SMITH.

He would allow, what, indeed, he could not prevent, the brilliant monologue of Mr. Macaulay, and was content to avenge himself with the pleasantry that "he not only overflowed with learning, but stood in the slop;" he yielded to the philosophy and erudition of such men as Dean Milman and Mr. Grote with an occasional deprecatory comment; but he admitted no competition or encounter in his own field. On this point he was strangely unjust. When some enterprising entertainer brought him and Mr. Theodore Hook together, the failure was complete; Mr. Sydney Smith could see nothing but buffoonery in the gay dramatic faculty and wonderful extempore invention of the novelist, just as he either could or would not see any merit in those masterpieces of comic verse, the works of one of his own fellow-administrators of the Cathedral of St. Paul's, the *Ingoldsby Legends*. Not that he monopolized the conversation; it rather monopolized him, as was expressed by the young lady who responded by a fit of laughter to his grace after dinner, exclaiming, "You are always so amusing!" There was, in truth, little inclination to talk in his presence, except for the purpose of directing him to topics on which he would be likely to be most salient, and he willingly followed the lead, instead of insisting on his own line of thought, regardless whether the subject was of interest to his audience or not—a defect which no brilliancy of speech or power of argument can remedy, and which rendered all the acuteness and fluency of Archbishop Whateley comparatively unattractive. Mr. Sydney Smith, on the contrary, was inspired by the sympathy of his hearers, and even interruptions which showed an intelligent appreciation were not disagreeable to him. The strongest phrase of approbation of the talent in others I ever heard from him was applied to a young man starting in London life—"He will do; he knows how to trump, but it will take him five years to play his own game." He has written deprecatingly of all playing upon words, but his rapid apprehension could not altogether exclude a kind of wit which in its best form takes fast hold of the memory, besides the momentary amusement it excites. His objection to the superiority of a City feast, "I can not wholly value a dinner by the test you do;" his proposal to settle the question of the wood pavement round St. Paul's, "Let the canons once lay their heads together and the thing will be done;" his pretty compliment to his friends, Mrs. Tighe and Mrs. Cuffe, "Ah, there you are! the cuff that every one would wear, the tie that no one would lose"—may be cited as perfect in their way.

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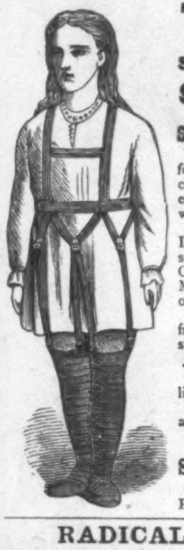

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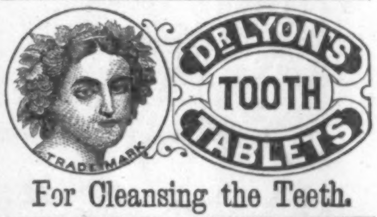

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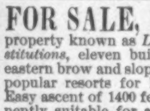

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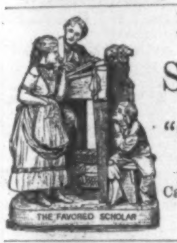

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YOUTH'S ENGLISH WALKING COAT, VEST, AND PANTALOONS (for youth from 8 to 15 years old)..........	" 33
INFANT'S WARDROBE (Cloak, Gored Robe, Yoke Slip, Night Slip, Petticoat, and Shirt)..	" 35
LADY'S WATTEAU WRAPPER..........	No. 42
GIRL'S WATER-PROOF CLOAK (for girl from 5 to 15 years old)..........	" 44
GENTLEMAN'S SHORT DRESSING-GOWN AND SMOKING-CAP..........	" 46
PLAIN-WAIST HOUSE DRESS, with Apron-front Over-skirt and Walking Skirt..........	" 48

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DOUBLE-BREASTED SACQUE, with Postilion Baqsue, Apron-front Over-skirt, and Under Skirt (for girl from 5 to 15 years old)....	" 2
LADY'S SACQUE WRAPPER..........	" 4
LADY'S LINGERIE (Dressing Sacque, Corset Cover, Night Sacque, Yoke Night Dress, Yoke Chemise, and Drawers)..........	" 6
SLEEVELESS SACQUE AND CAPE, with French Blouse, Apron-front Over-skirt, and Walking Skirt..........	" 13
TALMA, with Pointed Hood, Postilion Waist, Over-skirt, and Walking Skirt..........	" 20
LADY'S POSTILION-BASQUE WRAPPER..	" 23
POINTED CAPE, with 5-Pleat Blouse, Over-skirt, and Walking Skirt..........	" 23
ALBERT VICTOR SAILOR SUIT (for boy from 4 to 12 years old)..........	" 25
LOOSE POLONAISE WALKING SUIT......	" 29
GENTLEMAN'S LINGERIE (French Yoke Shirt, Night Shirt, Drawers, and Long Dressing Gown)..........	" 37
HIGHLAND SUIT (for boy from 2 to 5 years old)	" 39
DOUBLE-BREASTED JACKET, Shirt Waist, and Knickerbockers (for boy from 5 to 10 years old)..........	" 39
BASQUE, with Grecian Cape, Open-front Over-skirt, and Full Trained Skirt..........	" 39
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LOUIS QUINZE VEST BASQUE, with Apron-front Over-skirt and Walking Skirt........	" 46
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FULL DRESS TOILETTE (Low-Necked Basque with Grecian Bertha, Trained Over-skirt, and Round Skirt)..........	" 50

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DOLMAN VEST-POLONAISE STREET SUIT	" 7
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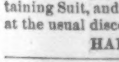

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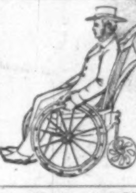

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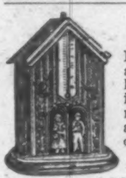

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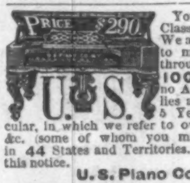

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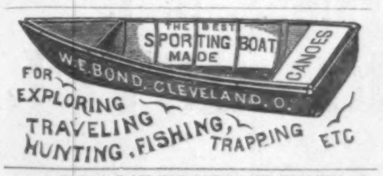
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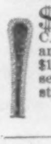

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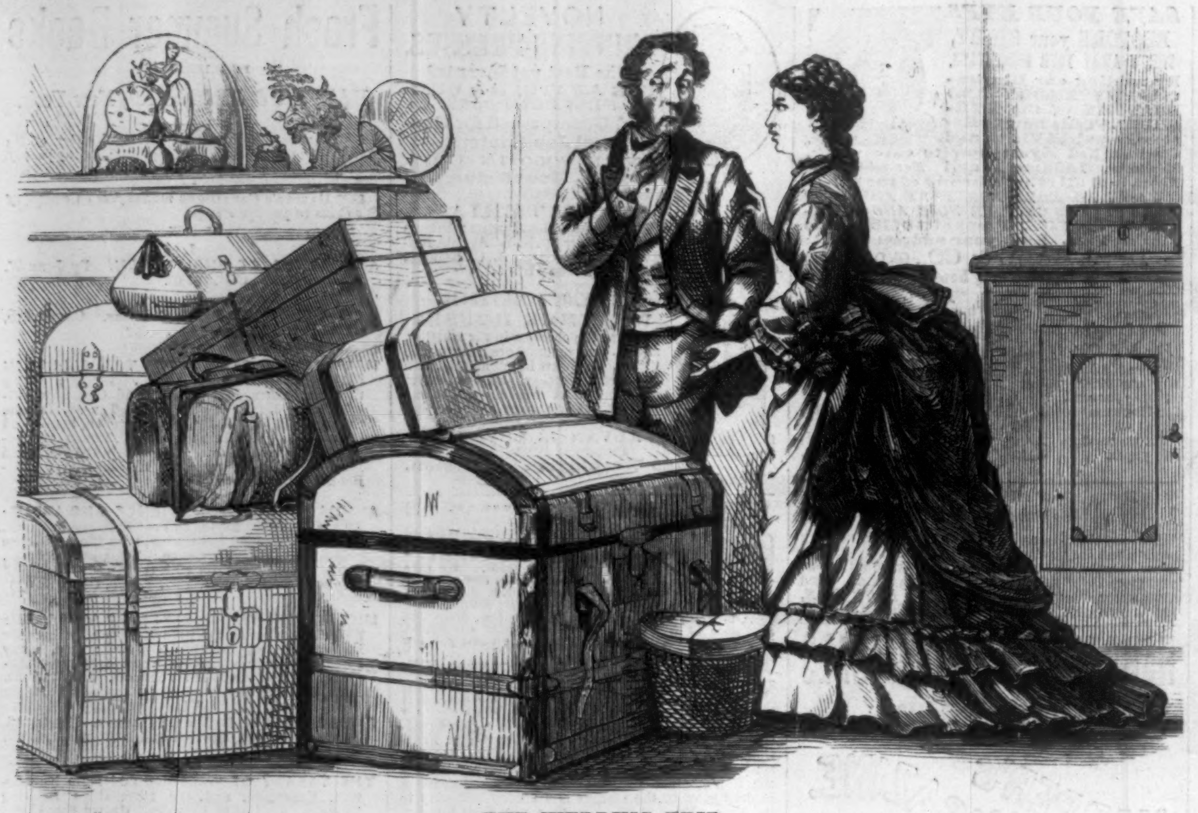

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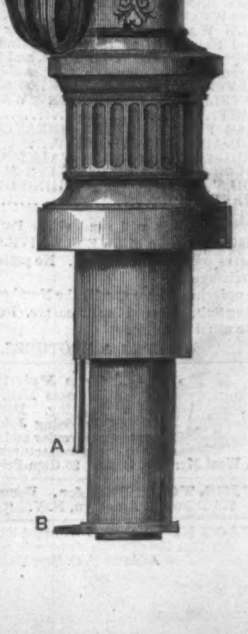

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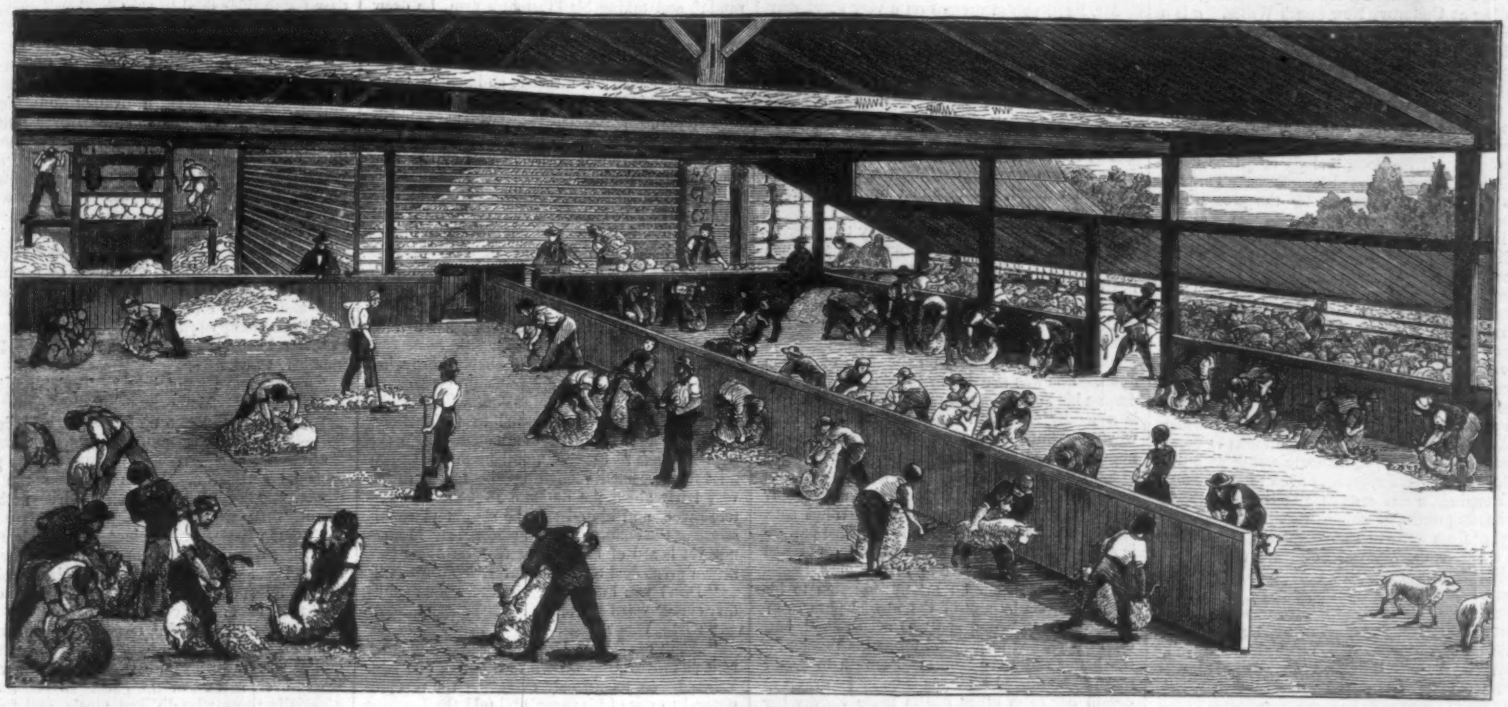
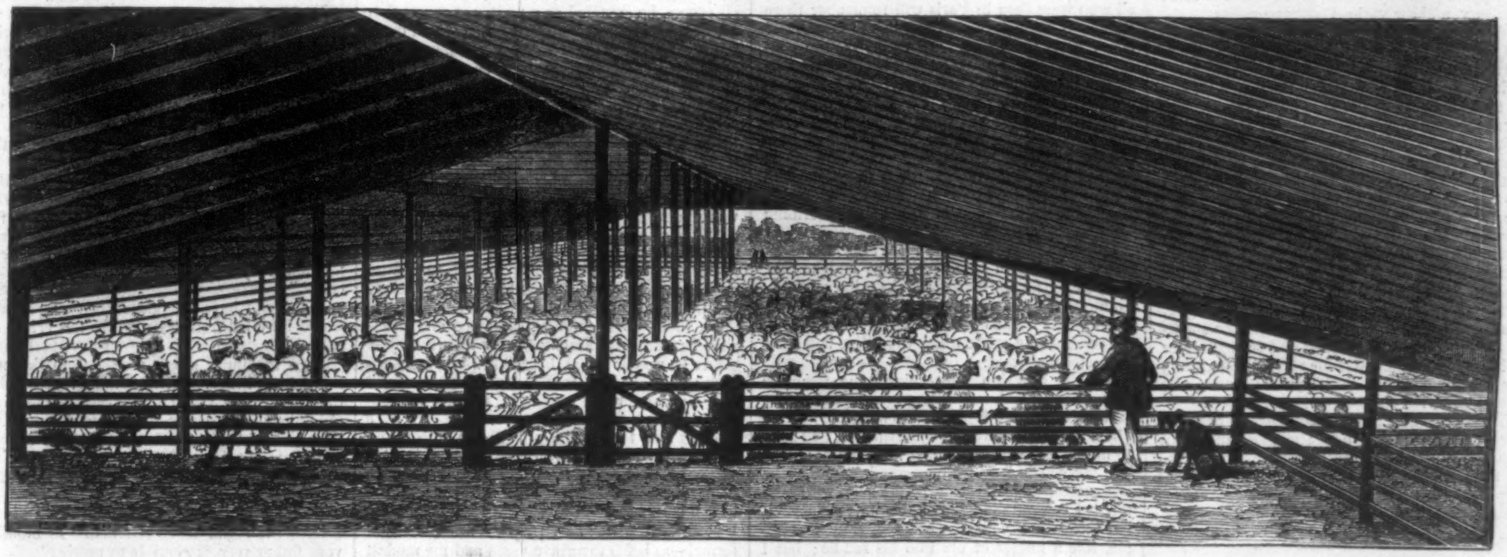
SCENES AT AN AUSTRALIAN SHEEP STATION—COLLAROY, NEW SOUTH WALES.—[See next Page.]



SHEARING THE SHEEP.



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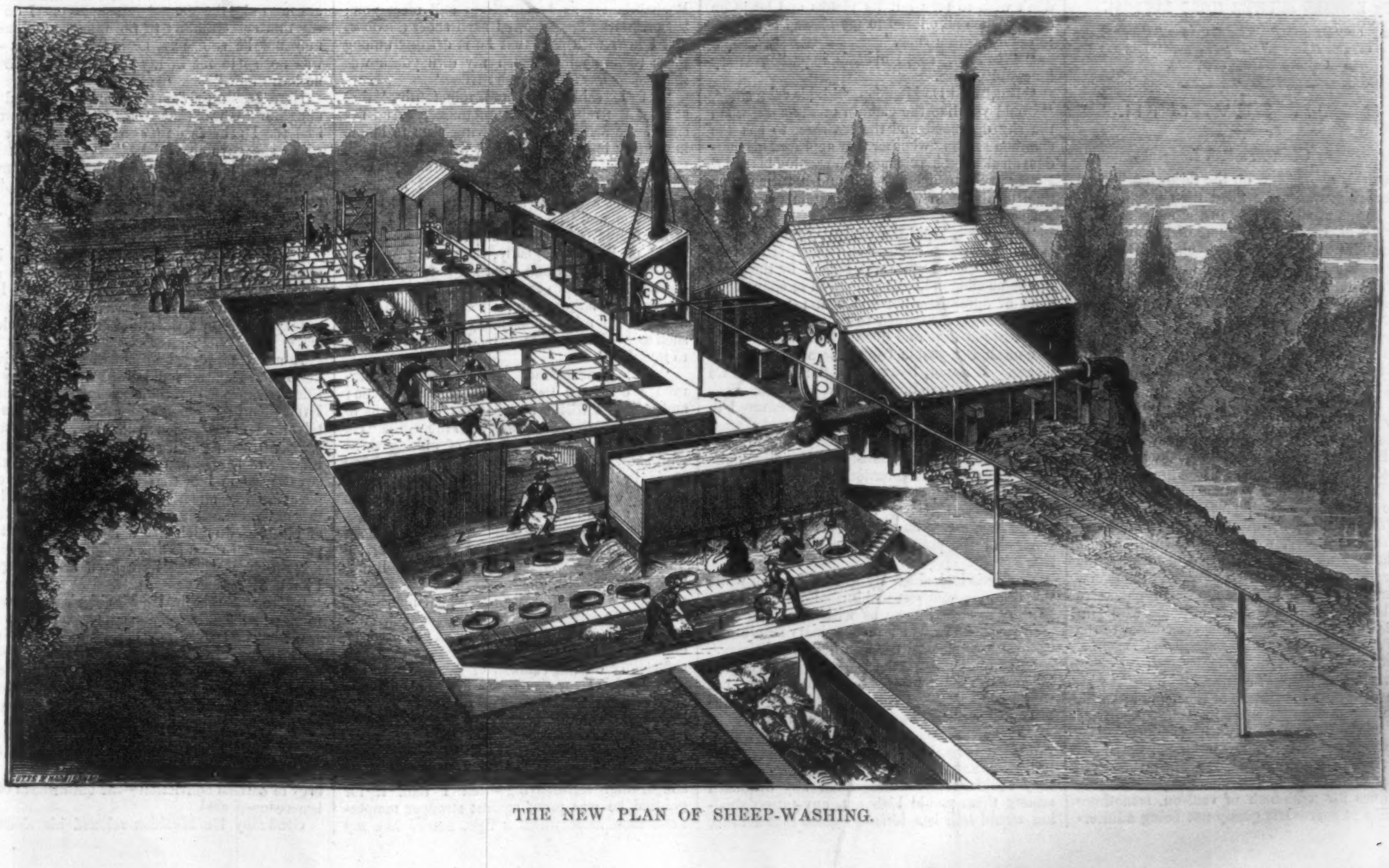


THE NEW PLAN OF SHEEP-WASHING.

SHEEP-SHEARING IN NEW SOUTH WALES.

THE engravings on the preceding page represent the arrangements for sheep washing and shearing at Collaroy, New South Wales. *a* is a 20 horse-power engine, working a 16-inch Appold pump, *b*, which raises water from the river alongside, discharging about 3000 gallons per minute into spouting tank, *c* (half of which is cut off in the drawing to show the work behind). The tank is of iron, 4 feet deep, furnished with spout 4 feet 6 inches deep, terminating in a narrow opening 3 feet long and $\frac{3}{16}$ or $\frac{1}{4}$ inch wide, the width being regulated by screws. Through this aperture the water, under the pressure of 8 feet 6 inches, rushes with great force. *e e e* is an iron tub in which the "spouter" stands while holding the sheep under the spout. *f* is an inclined plane, up which the sheep walk after emerging from the water, passing on to large battened yards, 150 feet by 100 feet, where they remain till partially dry. These yards are not shown in the drawing. *g* is another 10 horse-power engine, used for cutting fire-wood at the circular saw bench, *h*, and to furnish steam to heat water in the soaking tank, *i*, and the ten square tanks, *k*, ranged along either side of the soaking tank. To each of these tanks is fitted a branch steam-pipe, *m*, communicating with the main steam-pipe, *n n*, leading from the boilers of both engines, *a* and *g*, so that both are available for heating water, of which a very large quantity, varying from 7000 to 10,000 gallons, is required for a single day's work. *o o o* are water-pipes leading from the spouting tank, *c*, to supply the square tanks, *k*, the soap tubs, *p* and *q*, and spare-water tub, *r*. The soap tubs are also fitted with steam-pipes for the purpose of boiling their contents. *s* is a donkey-engine placed over a well, from whence, driven by a continuation of steam-pipes from both boilers, it draws water for showering through a flexible hose the dirty sheep in the receiving yard, *t*, for transmission through the pipe *n* of water to drinking troughs for the washed sheep in the battened yards, filling up the Appold pump by branch pipes, which is often necessary, and for various other purposes.

If the reader has had patience to work out the foregoing explanation, he will be prepared to follow the process of washing. The receiving yards having been filled with sheep, the water in, and the tanks brought up to the required temperature by means of the steam-pipes, and the soaking tank charged with the prescribed proportion of dissolved soap, etc., the pump is set to work to fill the spouting tank and reservoirs underneath into which the spouts discharge. The portcullis gate, *w*, is then lifted, and from eight to ten sheep are sent down the inclined shoot, *x*, into the soaking tank, when they are manipulated by men on either side, and allowed to swim for four or five minutes. Hence they pass on to the draining stage, *y*, again down a short incline to the stage *z*, from thence, lastly, they are handed to the spouters. By these they are rolled and turned under the knife-like jet of water for two minutes, when they swim out to the inclined landing-stage as white as snow.

When the water in the soaking tank becomes overcharged with dirt, by a simple arrangement it can be emptied and refilled with clean hot water from the square tank, in which a constant supply is kept up, in eight or ten minutes. From 1200 to 2000 sheep are washed daily.

(Continued from No. 862, page 587.)

THE PARISIANS.

By EDWARD BULWER (LORD LYTTON),

AUTHOR OF "PELHAM," "THE CAXTONS," "THE LAST OF THE BARONS," "MY NOVEL," "THE COMING RACE," ETC., ETC.

BOOK SEVENTH.

CHAPTER VI.

ISAURA'S apartment, on the following Thursday evening, was more filled than usual. Besides her habitual devotees in the artistic or literary world, there were diplomatists and deputies commixed with many fair chiefs of *la jeunesse dorée;* among the latter the brilliant Enguerrand de Vandemar, who, deeming the acquaintance of every celebrity essential to his own celebrity, in either Carthage, the *beau monde*, or the *demi-monde*, had, two Thursdays before, made Louvier attend her soirée and present him. Louvier, though gathering to his own salons authors and artists, very rarely favored their rooms with his presence; he did not adorn Isaura's party that evening. But Duplessis was there, in compensation. It had chanced that Valérie had met Isaura at some house in the past winter, and conceived an enthusiastic affection for her: since then Valérie came very often to see her, and made a point of dragging with her to Isaura's Thursday *réunions* her obedient father. *Soirées*, musical or literary, were not much in his line; but he had no pleasure like that of pleasing his spoiled child. Our old friend Frederic Lemercier was also one of Isaura's guests that night. He had become more and more intimate with Duplessis, and Duplessis had introduced him to the fair Valérie as "*un jeune homme plein de moyens, qui ira loin.*"

Savarin was there of course, and brought with him an English gentleman of the name of Bevil, as well known at Paris as in London—invited every where—popular every where—one of those welcome contributors to the luxuries of civilized society who trade in gossip, sparing no pains to get the pick of it, and exchanging it liberally sometimes for a haunch of venison, sometimes for a cup of tea. His gossip not being adulterated with malice was in high repute for genuine worth.

If Bevil said, "This story is a fact," you no more thought of doubting him than you would doubt Rothschild if he said, "This is Lafitte of '48."

Mr. Bevil was at present on a very short stay at Paris, and, naturally wishing to make the most of his time, he did not tarry beside Savarin, but, after being introduced to Isaura, flitted here and there through the assembly.

> "Apis Matinæ—
> More modoque—
> Grata carpentis thyma."

The bee proffers honey, but bears a sting.

The room was at its fullest when Gustave Rameau entered, accompanied by Monsieur de Mauléon.

Isaura was agreeably surprised by the impression made on her by the Vicomte's appearance and manner. His writings, and such as she had heard of his earlier repute, had prepared her to see a man decidedly old, of withered aspect, and sardonic smile—aggressive in demeanor—forward or contemptuous in his very politeness—a Mephistopheles ingrafted on the stem of a Don Juan. She was startled by the sight of one who, despite his forty-eight years—and at Paris a man is generally older at forty-eight than he is elsewhere—seemed in the zenith of ripened manhood—startled yet more by the singular modesty of a deportment too thoroughly high-bred not to be quietly simple—startled most by a melancholy expression in eyes that could be at times soft, though always so keen, and in the grave pathetic smile which seemed to disarm censure of past faults in saying, "I have known sorrows."

He did not follow up his introduction to his young hostess by any of the insipid phrases of compliment to which she was accustomed, but, after expressing in grateful terms his thanks for the honor she had permitted Rameau to confer on him, he moved aside, as if he had no right to detain her from other guests more worthy her notice, toward the doorway, taking his place by Enguerrand amidst a group of men of whom Duplessis was the central figure.

At that time—the first week in May, 1870—all who were then in Paris will remember there were two subjects uppermost in the mouths of men: first, the Plébiscite; secondly, the conspiracy to murder the Emperor—which the disaffected considered to be a mere fable, a pretense got up in time to serve the Plébiscite and prop the empire.

Upon this latter subject Duplessis had been expressing himself with unwonted animation. A loyal and earnest Imperialist, it was only with effort that he could repress his scorn of that meanest sort of gossip which is fond of ascribing petty motives to eminent men.

To him nothing could be more clearly evident than the reality of this conspiracy, and he had no tolerance for the malignant absurdity of maintaining that the Emperor or his ministers could be silly and wicked enough to accuse seventy-two persons of a crime which the police had been instructed to invent.

As De Mauléon approached, the financier brought his speech to an abrupt close. He knew in the Vicomte de Mauléon the writer of articles which had endangered the government, and aimed no pointless shafts against its imperial head.

"My cousin," said Enguerrand, gayly, as he exchanged a cordial shake of the hand with Victor, "I congratulate you on the fame of journalist, into which you have vaulted, armed cap-à-pie, like a knight of old into his saddle; but I don't sympathize with the means you have taken to arrive at that renown. I am not myself an Imperialist—a Vandemar can be scarcely that. But if I am compelled to be on board a ship, I don't wish to take out its planks and let in an ocean, when all offered to me instead is a crazy tub and a rotten rope."

"Très bien," said Duplessis, in parliamentary tone and phrase.

"But," said De Mauléon, with his calm smile, "would you like the captain of the ship, when the sky darkened and the sea rose, to ask the common sailors 'whether they approved his conduct on altering his course or shortening his sail?' Better trust to a crazy tub and a rotten rope than to a ship in which the captain consults a Plébiscite."

"Monsieur," said Duplessis, "your metaphor is ill chosen—no metaphor, indeed, is needed. The head of the state was chosen by the voice of the people, and, when required to change the form of administration which the people had sanctioned, and inclined to do so from motives the most patriotic and liberal, he is bound again to consult the people from whom he holds his power. It is not, however, of the Plébiscite we were conversing so much as of the atrocious conspiracy of assassins—so happily discovered in time. I presume that Monsieur de Mauléon must share the indignation which true Frenchmen of every party must feel against a combination united by the purpose of murder."

The Vicomte bowed, as in assent.

"But do you believe," asked a Liberal Deputé, "that such a combination existed, except in the visions of the police or the cabinet of a minister?"

Duplessis looked keenly at De Mauléon while this question was put to him. Belief or disbelief in the conspiracy was with him, and with many, the test by which a sanguinary revolutionist was distinguished from an honest politician.

"Ma foi," answered De Mauléon, shrugging his shoulders, "I have only one belief left; but that is boundless. I believe in the folly of mankind in general, and of Frenchmen in particular. That seventy-two men should plot the assassination of a sovereign on whose life interests so numerous and so watchful depend, and imagine they could keep a secret which any drunkard among them would blab out, any tatterdemalion would sell, is a *bêtise* so gross that I think it highly probable. But pardon me if I look upon the politics of Paris much as I do upon its mud—one must pass through it when one walks in the street. One changes one's shoes before entering the *salon.*—A word with you, Enguerrand;" and taking his kinsman's arm, he drew him aside from the circle. "What has become of your brother? I see nothing of him now."

"Oh, Raoul," answered Enguerrand, throwing himself on a couch in a recess, and making room for De Mauléon beside him. "Raoul is devoting himself to the distressed *ouvriers* who have chosen to withdraw from work. When he fails to persuade them to return, he forces food and fuel on their wives and children. My good mother encourages him in this costly undertaking, and no one but you who believe in the infinity of human folly would credit me when I tell you that his eloquence has drawn from me all the *argent de poche* I get from our shop. As for himself, he has sold his horses, and even grudges a cab fare, saying, '*That* is a meal for a family.' Ah! if he had but gone into the Church, what a saint would have deserved canonization!"

"Do not lament; he will probably have what is a better claim than mere saintship on Heaven—martyrdom," said De Mauléon, with a smile in which sarcasm disappeared in melancholy. "Poor Raoul! And what of my other cousin, the *beau Marquis?* Several months ago his Legitimist faith seemed vacillating—he talked to me very fairly about the duties a Frenchman owed to France, and hinted that he should place his sword at the command of Napoléon III. I have not yet heard of him as a *soldat de France*—I hear a great deal of him as a *viveur de Paris.*"

"Don't you know why his desire for a military career was frost-bitten?"

"No! Why?"

"Alain came from Bretagne profoundly ignorant of most things known to a *gamin* of Paris. When he conscientiously overcame the scruples natural to one of his name, and told the Duchess de Tarascon that he was ready to fight under the flag of France, whatever its color, he had a vague reminiscence of ancestral Rochebriants earning early laurels at the head of their regiments. At all events, he assumed as a matter of course that he, in the first rank as *gentilhomme*, would enter the army, if as a *sous-lieutenant*, still as *gentilhomme.* But when told that, as he had been at no Military College, he could only enter the ranks as a private soldier—herd with private soldiers—for at least two years before, passing through the grade of corporal, his birth, education, habits of life, could, with great favor, raise him to the station of a *sous-lieutenant*, you may conceive that the martial ardor of a Rochebriant was somewhat cooled."

"If he knew what the dormitory of French privates is, and how difficult a man well-educated, well brought up, finds it, first, to endure the coarsest ribaldry and the loudest blasphemy, and then, having endured and been compelled to share them, ever enforce obedience and discipline as a superior among those with whom just before he was an equal, his ardor would not have been merely cooled—it would have been changed into despair for the armies of France, if hereafter they are met by those whose officers have been trained to be officers from the outset, and have imbibed from their cradle an education not taught to the boy pedants from school—the two-fold education how with courtesy to command, how with dignity to obey. To return to Rochebriant, such *salons* as I frequent are somewhat formal—as befits my grave years and my modest income; I may add, now that you know my vocation, befits me also as a man who seeks rather to be instructed than amused. In those *salons*, I did, last year, sometimes, however, meet Rochebriant—as I sometimes still meet you; but of late he has deserted such sober *réunions*, and I hear with pain that he is drifting among those rocks against which my own youth was shipwrecked. Is the report true?"

"I fear," said Enguerrand, reluctantly, "that at least the report is not unfounded. And my conscience accuses me of having been to blame in the first instance. You see, when Alain made terms with Louvier by which he obtained a very fair income, if prudently managed, I naturally wished that a man of so many claims to social distinction, and who represents the oldest branch of my family, should take his right place in our world of Paris. I gladly, therefore, presented him to the houses and the men most *à la mode*—advised him as to the sort of establishment, in apartments, horses, etc., which it appeared to me that he might reasonably afford—I mean such as, with his means, I should have prescribed to myself—"

"Ah! I understand. But you, dear Enguerrand, are a born Parisian, every inch of you; and a born Parisian is, whatever be thought to the contrary, the best manager in the world. He alone achieves the difficult art of uniting thrift with show. It is your provincial who comes to Paris, in the freshness of undimmed youth, who sows his whole life on its barren streets. I guess the rest: Alain is ruined."

Enguerrand, who certainly was so far a born Parisian that, with all his shrewdness and *savior faire*, he had a wonderfully sympathetic heart, very easily moved, one way or the other—Enguerrand winced at his elder kinsman's words, complimentarily reproachful, and said, in unwonted tones of humility, "Cousin, you are cruel, but you are in the right. I did not calculate sufficiently on the chances of Alain's head being turned. Hear my excuse. He seemed to me so much more thoughtful than most at our age are, so much more stately and proud—well, also so much more pure, so impressed with the responsibilities of station, so bent on retaining the old lands in Bretagne—by habit and rearing so simple and self-denying—that I took it for granted he was proof against stronger temptations than those which a light nature like my own puts aside with a laugh. And at first I had no reason to think myself deceived, when, some months ago, I heard that he was getting into debt, losing at play, paying court to female vampires, who drain the life-blood of those on whom they fasten their fatal lips. Oh, then I spoke to him earnestly!"

"And in vain?"

"In vain. A certain Chevalier de Finisterre, whom you may have heard of—"

"Certainly, and met; a friend of Louvier's—"

"The same man—has obtained over him an influence which so far subdues mine that he almost challenged me when I told him his friend was a scamp. In fine, though Alain and I have not actually quarreled, we pass each other with, '*Bonjour, mon ami.*'"

"Hum! My dear Enguerrand, you have done all you could. Flies will be flies, and spiders spiders, till the earth is destroyed by a comet. Nay, I met a distinguished naturalist in America who maintained that we shall find flies and spiders in the next world."

"You have been in America? Ah, true, I remember, California!"

"Where have I not been? Tush! music—shall I hear our fair hostess sing?"

"I am afraid not to night, because Madame S—— is to favor us, and the signorina makes it a rule not to sing at her own house when professional artists do. You must hear the Cicogna quietly some day; such a voice—nothing like it."

Madame S——, who, since she had learned that there was no cause to apprehend that Isaura might become her professional rival, conceived for her a wonderful affection, and willingly contributed her magnificent gifts of song to the charms of Isaura's *salon*, now began a fragment from *I Puritani*, which held the audience as silent as the ghosts listening to Sappho; and when it was over, several of the guests slipped away, especially those who disliked music, and feared Madame S—— might begin again. Enguerrand was not one of such soulless recreants, but he had many other places to go to. Besides, Madame S—— was no novelty to him.

De Mauléon now approached Isaura, who was seated next to Valérie, and after well-merited eulogium on Madame S——'s performance, slid into some critical comparisons between that singer and those of a former generation, which interested Isaura, and evinced to her quick perceptions that kind of love for music which has been refined by more knowledge of the art than is common to mere amateurs.

"You have studied music, Monsieur de Mauléon," she said. "Do you not perform yourself?"

"I—no. But music has always had a fatal attraction for me. I ascribe half the errors of my life to that temperament which makes me too fascinated by harmonies—too revolted by discords."

"I should have thought such a temperament would have led from errors—are not errors discords?"

"To the inner sense, yes; but to the outer sense not always. Virtues are often harsh to the ear—errors very sweet-voiced. The sirens did not sing out of tune. Better to stop one's ears than glide on Scylla or be merged into Charybdis."

"Monsieur," cried Valérie, with a pretty *brusquerie* which became her well, "you talk like a Vandal."

"It is, I think, by Mademoiselle Duplessis that I have the honor to be rebuked. Is monsieur your father very susceptible to music?"

"Well, I can not say that he cares much for it. But then his mind is so practical—"

"And his life so successful. No Scylla, no Charybdis for him. However, mademoiselle, I am not quite the Vandal you suppose. I do not say that susceptibility to the influence of music may not be safe, nay, healthful, to others—it was not so to me in my youth. It can do me no harm now."

Here Duplessis came up, and whispered his daughter "it was time to leave; they had promised the Duchesse de Tarascon to assist at the *soirée* she gave that night." Valérie took her father's arm with a brightening smile and a heightened color. Alain de Rochebriant might probably be at the Duchesse's.

"Are you not going also to the Hôtel de Tarascon, M. de Mauléon?" asked Duplessis.

"No; I was never there but once. The Duchesse is an Imperialist, at once devoted and acute, and no doubt very soon divined my lack of faith in her idols."

Duplessis frowned, and hastily led Valérie away.

In a few minutes the room was comparatively deserted. De Mauléon, however, lingered by the side of Isaura till all the other guests were gone. Even then he lingered still, and renewed the interrupted conversation with her, the Venosta joining therein; and so agreeable did he make himself to her Italian tastes by a sort of bitter-sweet wisdom like that of her native proverbs—comprising much knowledge of mankind on the unflattering side of humanity in that form of pleasantry which has a latent sentiment of pathos—that the Venosta exclaimed,

"Surely you must have been brought up in Florence!"

There was that in De Mauléon's talk hostile to all which we call romance that excited the imagination of Isaura, and compelled her instinctive love for whatever is more sweet, more beautiful, more ennobling on the many sides of human life, to oppose what she deemed the paradoxes of a man who had taught himself to belie even his own nature. She became eloquent, and her countenance, which in ordinary moments owed much of its beauty to an expression of meditative gentleness, was now lighted up by the energy of earnest conviction—the enthusiasm of an impassioned zeal.

Gradually De Mauléon relaxed his share in the dialogue, and listened to her, rapt and dreamingly, as in his fiery youth he had listened to the songs of the sirens. No siren Isaura! She was defending her own cause, though unconsciously—defending the vocation of art as the embellisher of external nature, and more than embellisher of the nature which dwells, crude but plastic, in the soul of man; indeed, therein the creator of a new nature, strengthened, expanded, and brightened in proportion as it accumulates the ideas that tend beyond the boundaries of the visible and material nature, which is finite, forever seeking in the unseen and the spiritual the goals in the infinite which it is their instinct to divine. "That which you contemptuously call romance," said Isaura, "is not essential only to poets and artists. The most real side of every life, from the earliest dawn of mind in the infant, is the romantic. When the child is weaving flower chains, chasing butterflies, or sitting apart and dreaming what it will do in the future, is not *that* the child's real life, and yet is it not also the romantic?"

"But there comes a time when we weave no flower chains, and chase no butterflies."

"Is it so? Still on one side of life flowers and butterflies may be found to the last; and at least to the last are there no dreams of the future? Have you no such dreams at this moment? And without the romance of such dreams, would there be any reality to human life which could distinguish it from the life of the weed that rots on Lethe?"

"Alas, mademoiselle," said De Mauléon, rising to take leave, "your argument must rest without answer; I would not, if I could, confute the beautiful belief that belongs to youth, fusing into one rainbow all the tints that can color the world. But the Signora Venosta will acknowledge the truth of an old saying, expressed in every civilized language, but best, perhaps, in that of the Florentine—'You might as well physic the dead as instruct the old.'"

"But you are not old," said the Venosta, with Florentine politeness—"you! not a gray hair."

"'Tis not by the gray of the hair that one knows the age of the heart," answered De Mauléon, in another paraphrase of Italian proverb, and he was gone.

As he walked homeward, through deserted streets, Victor de Mauléon thought to himself, "Poor girl, how I pity her! Married to a Gustave Rameau—married to any man—nothing in the nature of man, be he the best and the cleverest, can ever realize the dream of a girl who is pure and has genius. Ah, is not the converse true? What girl, the best and the cleverest, comes up to the ideal of even a commonplace man—if he ever dreamed of an ideal!" Then he paused, and in a moment or so afterward his thought knew such questionings no more. It turned upon personalities, on stratagems and plots, on ambition. The man had more than his share of that peculiar susceptibility which is one of the characteristics of his countrymen—susceptibility to immediate impulse—susceptibility to fleeting impressions. It was a key to many mysteries in his character when he owned his subjection to the influence of music, and in music recognized not the seraph's harp, but the siren's song. If you could have permanently fixed Victor de Mauléon in one of the good moments of his life even now—some moment of exquisite kindness, of superb generosity, of dauntless courage—you would have secured a very rare specimen of noble humanity. But so to fix him was impossible.

That impulse of the moment vanished the moment after, swept aside by the force of his very talents—talents concentrated by his intense sense or individuality—sense of wrongs or of rights—interests or objects personal to himself. He extended the royal saying, "*L'état, c'est moi*," to words far more grandiloquent—"The universe, 'tis I." The Venosta would have understood him and smiled approvingly, if he had said, with a good-humored laugh, "I dead, the world is dead!" That is an Italian proverb, and means much the same thing.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE CITY OF PEKIN.

The ancient capital of Northern China, three days' journey from the Great Wall, on the Siberian road, uprears itself from a hideous, seemingly boundless plain of dust, strewn with remnants of old buildings and all kinds of disheartening rubbish. There is, perhaps, no portion of the earth's surface on which the European feels more hopelessly far away from every familiar place and person than when traversing this great desert plain, heaped with the dust of ages. A few crumbling villages break the monotony, and then comes a wall of immense length, brown, crenulated, pierced in the centre by a magnificent portico, the finest "gate" in all the Celestial Empire. It is like the Scripture picture of the walls of Babylon and the formidable ramparts of Nineveh. A lofty tower is surmounted by a roof, consisting of five stages of green tiles, pierced by five ranges of holes, through which grin huge cannon-mouths, very terrible, until one learns that the guns are wooden. Far out of sight, on right and left, stretches the wall, partly of granite, partly of huge gray bricks, and at its foot opens a deep, vaulted passage, through which pour converging tides of Chinese, Mongols, and Tartars, strings of blue carts, files of black mules, caravans of dun-colored, heavily laden camels; for this is the entrance to the Chinese town.

The ancient city is divided into three sections—the Chinese, the Tartar, and the imperial—and each has a perfectly distinct physiognomy. The majestic beauty of the "gate" passes like a dream, and the traveler finds its stateliness utterly reversed by the scene which it incloses. Waste land, tumble-down huts, sinuous ways—half paved with enormous blocks of stone, half left in yawning gaps a couple of feet deep—dirt, poverty, desolation; through these one struggles on until a second wall stops the way. It is still more majestic and Babylonian; it is sixty feet high and forty feet wide, and it divides the Chinese from the Tartar city. On the other side is a kind of circus without benches, which is formed of gigantic walls protecting the principal gate, and is very like a spacious bear-pit. Nobody is permitted to pass through the central aperture except the Emperor, so the traveler passes under the great arch at the side, and is generally instructed by his guide to ascend some steps to the top of the wall, from whence he can command a view of all Pekin. A wonderful sight—grand, melancholy, and suggestive. Three concentric cities, divided from each other by inner walls: first the Tartar city, which is the largest, and has upon it the warlike stamp of the conquering race; then the imperial city, with the palaces of the mandarins, each consisting of nearly a hundred kiosks; and finally the forbidden city, with its thousands of roofs in imperial yellow, and its Me-chan, the *sacrosanctum* of the Celestial Empire.

Forming the vast mysterious inclosure of the forbidden city are walls on whose summits four carriages might be driven abreast; the countless roofs of the mandarins' palaces are bright green, the domes of the temples are dark blue; there are great spaces paved with pottery, and there are marble bridges. But all this splendor is set in a frame-work of crumbling, dusty ruin. Every thing is extraordinary in this wonderful place, which is an epitome of decay. Thebes, Memphis, Carthage, Rome, are ruins which tell of violent vicissitude; Pekin is a skeleton dropping into dust. The ravine-like streets are knee-deep in every sort of rubbish; the moats, the canals, and the rivers are all, and always, dry; the formal parks, the once marvelous ponds, are turned to desert places. Triumphal arches stand side by side with wretched tumble-down booths, surmounted by a forest of little poles, whence paper "signs" dangle in the air, and uniformity is lent to all by the thick layer of evil-smelling dust which lies upon them—the same dust that is always whirling around, hurting the eyes, and offending the nostrils. This great city, in which nothing is ever repaired, and where it is penal to pull down any thing, is dropping to pieces; and it is the opinion of M. De Beauvoir, the French traveler, to whom we owe the best and most picturesque account of Pekin yet given to the Western world, that in a century it will have been abandoned and have ceased to exist.

A poetic element reigns at Pekin, with all its dust and quaintness, making one see the soul of that wonderful verification in life, and on a huge scale, of the designs on screens and plates with which every one is familiar. The imperial city is a vast assemblage of the turrets, the belfries, the steep bridges, the balconies, and the kiosks which we have seen a thousand times in lacquer. But they are reached through the gates of Virtuous Victory, of Great Purity, of the Temples of Heaven, of Agriculture, of the Genius of the Winds, of the Genius of the Lightning, and of the Bright Mirror of the Mind. Every year the Emperor, arrayed in a country costume, with a straw hat a yard in circumference (afterward hung up in the temple), drives a golden plowshare through a field, that the tracing of the furrow may call down the blessing of Buddha upon the seed-time and the harvest. Every six months the Emperor burns a number of death-warrants in bronze braziers, ranged under a roof of dark blue porcelain, between curule chairs of pink marble, in front of which are dragons and pugs in the rarest china, perched on columns of carved wood. A little beyond the temple where these ceremonies take place there stands, built upon the wall, a magnificent observatory, 273 years old. The gigantic bronze instruments, curiously wrought, rest upon the outspread wings of flying dragons; a celestial globe eight feet in diameter shows all the stars known in 1650, and visible at Pekin. Such is the dryness of the climate that the whole apparatus of the observatory, though exposed to the open air, is wholly uninjured, and the instruments act with unerring precision.

CURES FOR SERPENT BITES.

Not long ago great anxiety was most naturally exhibited in India to find a cure for serpent bites, for there, I should fancy, a hundred lives are yearly lost for each one in America from this cause. In Scinde they are an absolute scourge; and after rain, even the public paths a mile or two out of Kurrachee are almost impassable for the numbers of snakes which are crawling about. A reward was offered, and many experiments tried, but all in vain. In India they have, it is true, the most deadly of all snakes, the cobra, and his venom was usually selected for trial; but among the reptiles which rank with him for inspiring terror, though he may be second, is certainly the rattlesnake. The cobra usually kills in less than an hour; the keeper who was killed by the cobra in London in 1852 was not bitten till eight in the morning, and he was dead by nine. Of the rattlesnake I quote from Knight's *Animated Nature* that "dogs bitten have died in thirty seconds, and men, when bitten on a vein, have often died in two minutes." Now, as the serpent poison is blood-poison—of which more anon—it is clear that when a vein is pierced the danger is greater, the progress more rapid; but I never knew of any thing in the least resembling this almost instantaneous death, and never met with any body who did.

There was a fatal case of rattlesnake bite in the neighborhood from which I write, where a man had shot a rabbit, and he saw it drag itself, though wounded, into a hole; he thrust his hand in to feel for it, but touched instead a rattlesnake. He was bitten at the bottom of the palm of his hand, just where it joins the wrist. He died from the bite in about twelve days, the only fatal case I know out of about thirty, and he was the only man out of the thirty who had surgical advice. As a rule, doctors would rather not attend snake wounds; they can only rely on one remedy, which is not ranked as a drug. Some fifteen of the cases referred to fell within the immediate experience of one friend, whose pursuits for some years exposed him and his companions to the attacks of these reptiles; and, although they were in wild, lonely spots, where assistance of any kind, or aid beyond themselves, could not be obtained, yet, as I have said, none of them died. The remedy in every case was the same. Before mentioning it I would say that there must be remedies for all these bites, remedies not only existent, but known, or how could the serpent-charmers manage as they do? Speaking only for myself, I would say it seems the height of bigotry to fall back on incredulity and prejudice, and to suppose that because the Eastern nations have no steam-engines, no electric telegraphs, no iron-clad ships, and the like, that therefore they can not handle poisonous snakes; for that is what our logic amounts to. The very snake that killed the keeper was exhibited by a native who came over with it. But to my rattlesnake remedy—well, it is simply whisky, and it is a specific. It seems an absolutely certain cure, and acts at any time after the bite, so long as the patient has sense to swallow it. I know of one case of rattlesnake bite where four hours elapsed before spirits could be procured, yet the patient lived. The poison of a snake, by some mysterious potency, causes the blood to coagulate, and, we may say, putrefy; then the sufferer dies. All remedies seem to have failed because they do not act upon the blood: now whisky does so act. A quart of whisky—*neat*, of course—is about the quantity usually taken, but the cure is effected directly the patient gets drunk; so long as the venom has the mastery, no amount of whisky will affect the head, but directly it is conquered, the patient shows signs of intoxication, and is rescued.

I remember one very curious case, where a woman was gathering strawberries, and was crawling along on her hands and knees to do so, when she was bitten in the lower part of the calf of the leg by a serpent. She saw the creature, and recognized it as the large yellow rattlesnake common in Iowa, one of the most dreaded of the tribe. She was more than half a mile from home, but she did not lose her presence of mind; she squeezed the puncture with all her force, and was glad to find that a greenish drop exuded besides the blood; then she washed it well at the brook, made a sort of plaster of clay, and tied it on, then walked home. A quart of whisky was sent for, the greater part of which she drank, and she never felt the slightest inconvenience from the bite. A very strange coincidence in the way of snake bites was that of two brothers, working on different farms, but each bitten by rattlesnakes on the same day. One was injured close to his own door: he trod on a snake in the grass, and was struck in the ankle—a very dangerous place, on account of the numerous small veins there. The other brother was reaping, or rather winding, and caught hold of a snake, which bit him in the wrist. Both recovered, having drunk very largely of whisky; but in their cases was tried in addition the older-fashioned "chicken cure." In this plan the breast of a chicken is cut open, about skin deep, the feathers being first plucked off: the cut is just deep enough to make blood follow all along the incision, and the cut is held against the snake bite. It is asserted that the chicken flesh has a power of withdrawing the venom, and, although the fowl droops, it seldom dies. Close to the place where these men were bitten a third man suffered; he was making a hedge or fence, and trod on a snake; he was bitten in the foot, but recovered by the use of whisky. Nearly all snake bites are in the leg or arm, for very obvious reasons; horses or cattle are generally bitten in the jaw, as they disturb the reptiles by their feeding. A horse, mule, or ox generally dies in one, two, or three days. The Indians dread the serpents very much, on account of their so often losing their horses by them.

EPISTOLARY COURTESIES.

When Brown writes to Robinson, with whom he is on more or less friendly terms, the word "Sir" is too stiff for intimacy, and he addresses him as "Dear Sir," or "My dear Sir," or "Dear Robinson," or "My dear Robinson," and subscribes himself "Yours very truly," or "Yours very sincerely," or "Yours faithfully," or "Yours very faithfully." When love-letters are in question the style warms, and the "dears" and the "darlings," and the "devotedlies" and the "affectionatelies," come into play. With these let no one presume to meddle. They are of the tender follies of the best period of human life, and not to be turned into ridicule either by the hard head or the hard heart, unless in a law court in a case of breach of promise. It is with the ordinary style of address only that the writer treats, than which nothing more formal and unmeaning can well be imagined. Take, for instance, the title of esquire, which means a shield-bearer. There are no shields in our days except in the theatres, consequently there are no shield-bearers. The title, even when it was a reality, and signified a true thing, meant no more than a neophyte in the profession of arms, and a servant to a superior, who was called a chevalier, a knight, a rider, or a horseman. Every body with a decent coat upon his back among the Anglo-Saxon, or more properly the Celto-Saxon, races in Great Britain and America considers himself entitled to be called a shield-bearer, and should the highly respectable John Brown (esquire) be addressed as Mr. John Brown, he comes to the conclusion before he opens the peccant epistle that it was either dispatched by somebody who meant to insult him, or by a plaguy attorney dunning him for a debt.

In this respect the French are more sensible. They have no esquires at all, and monsieur is as high a title as they usually bestow. The eldest son of the old kings of the Bourbon line was Monsieur par excellence—the Monsieur who took precedence over all other messieurs whatsoever. They have, however, a far greater variety of epistolary phraseology than the English, and subscribe their letters after a fashion which to an American seems remarkably roundabout, cumbrous, and affected. If they begin with the "Dear Sir"—"Cher monsieur"—they end with the lumbering phrase, "Recevez, monsieur, l'assurance de la haute considération avec laquelle j'ai l'honneur d'être votre très humble et très obéissant serviteur"—"Receive, Sir, the assurance of the high consideration with which I have the honor to be your very obedient, humble servant." The term of human life ought to extend to at least a hundred and fifty years, if people who write many letters are to append such perorations as this, or others equally wire-drawn, which the French delight to employ. The Germans are even more punctilious, and it requires long study of their language and long acquaintance with the people to be able to decide whether a man is simply to be called "Mein Herr" (Sir), or "Hochgeborener Herr" (high-born Sir), or "Hoch- und wohlgeborener Herr" (high and well-born Sir), or "Edelgeborener Herr" (nobly born Sir), or "Hoch-wohl- und Edelgeborener Herr" (or high, well, and nobly born Sir), or, worst or best of all, "Durchlauchtigste!" (most serene). And as in English parlance the strictly grammatical and poetical "thou," the proper pronoun to be employed when addressing a single individual, has been superseded by the plural "you," which means several individuals, so in German the "thou" and the "you" have both been superseded, and a single person is designated "they," as in the phrase "Wie befinden sie sich?"—"How do they find themselves?"—instead of "How do you do?" The courteous Italians designate every equal and superior as "your grace" or "your excellency," and speak to every one as "she" or "her." "I will visit you" is rendered "I will visit her," the feminine pronoun doing duty for the feminine nouns, grace and excellency, which are always understood, though not always expressed.

In business letters the Italians never use the words Caro signore, or Dear Sir, as the English do, but address their correspondent as "Pregiatissimo signore," or "Stimatissimo signore," "Most esteemed Sir," varying the style of address by such epithets as "honorable," "illustrious," "most gentle," "most noble." If you addressed your tailor or boot-maker by letter, neither would be surprised or offended, or suspicious of a joke, if you wrote on the envelope "Illustrissimo signore," most illustrious Sir, and signed yourself "Vostro devotissimo," your most devoted. These are the usual forms employed by the bulk of the people, by tradesmen, artisans, clerks, milliners, servants, and others, and a servant-girl would not think well of any lover who did not address her as "illustrissima signora." The following letter, translated verbatim, was addressed, after a quarrel at a drinking bout, by one angry disputant to another, whom he challenged to a duel:

> "MOST ESTEEMED SIR,—Permit me to inform you that you are a pig. Yes, my beloved one. It is my intention in a short time to spoil your beauty either by sword or pistol. The choice shall be left to you, as both weapons are to me quite indifferent. Hoping soon to have the pleasure of a cherished answer, I declare myself to be, honorable Sir,
>
> "Yours most devotedly,
>
> "CARLAVERO."

The stately Spaniards, in addressing a letter of business to a commercial firm, instead of the "Sir" or "Gentlemen" of the English, or the "Monsieur" or "Messieurs" of the French, write "Muy señor mio," or "Muy señores nuestros," or "My very Sir," or "Our very Sirs," and subscribe themselves "Your very attentive," or "Your very obedient servants."

In this busy age the letter-writers of all the world might do well to amend their style of address, and revert to the simple phraseology employed by the ancient Romans. How truly courteous was the Roman method! If Lucius Verus wished to write to Scipio Africanus, he did not begin, "My dear Scipio," and end with "Yours very truly," but went straight to the point, and said, "Lucius Verus to Scipio Africanus, greeting;" after which, without further palaver, he would proceed to business. Would it not be a saving of time if we were to imitate this excellent old fashion? And why should not Smith minimize trouble by addressing Brown after the classical method: "Smith to Brown, greeting. Send me ten tons of your best coal—lowest price;" or, "Jones to Robinson, greeting. Will you dine with me next Thursday at the Megatherium at six precisely?" The one word "greeting" includes all that is necessary in the way either of friendship or politeness, and would answer every purpose in the ordinary intercourse of life. But it would never do for love-letters. These always did, and always will, stand apart as a literature by themselves, governed by their own laws, by their own impulses. Had a Roman lover simply sent a "greeting" to his Lesbia or his Aspasia, Lesbia or Aspasia, if able to read, which in all probability she was not, would have had fair cause to complain of his coldness. So the love-letters should be excepted.

THOMAS CHATTERTON.

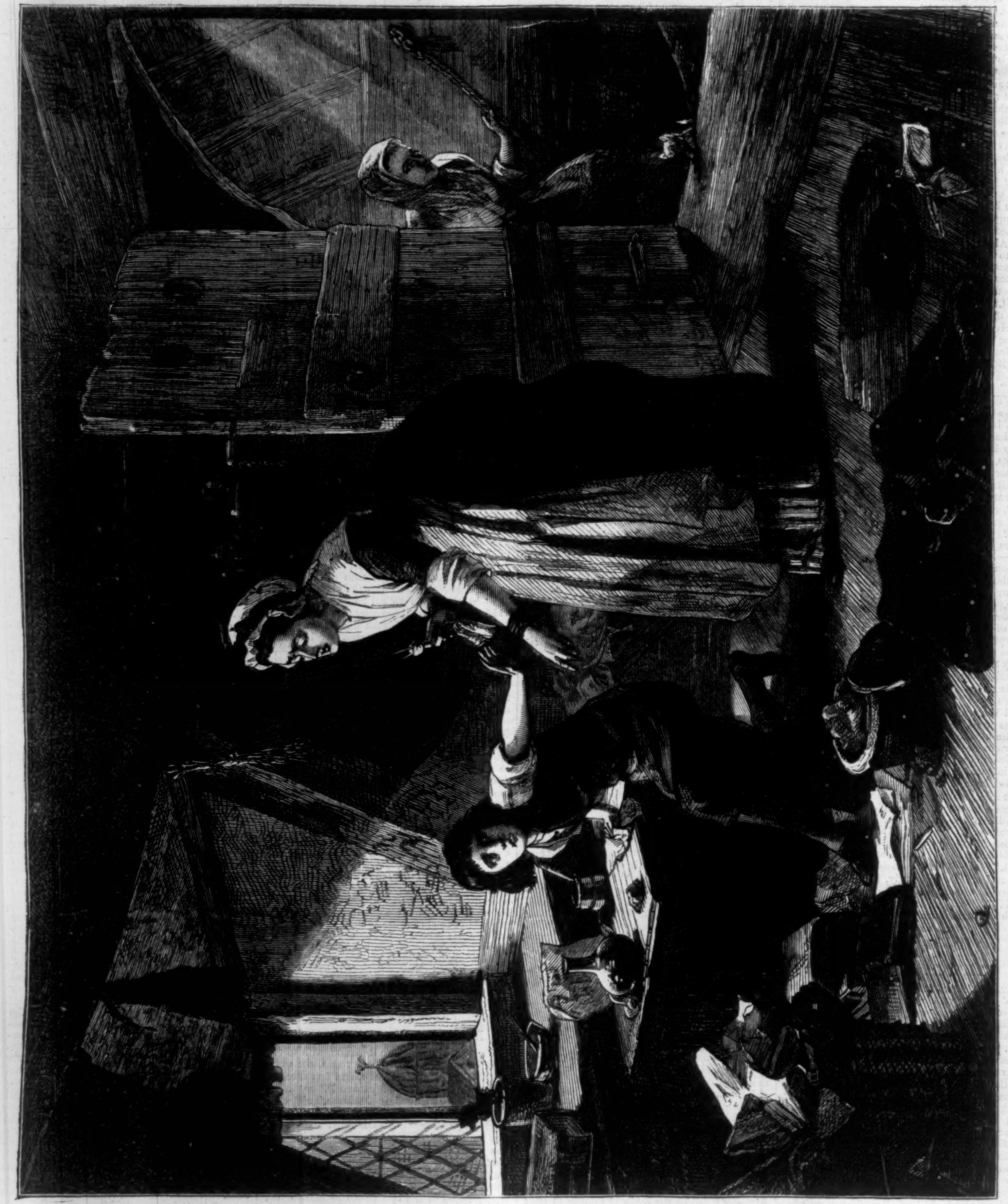
No name in English literature affords an example of earlier precocity or of a sadder career than that of Thomas Chatterton, the "marvelous boy who perished in his pride." He was born at Bristol, England, in 1752, and after a checkered, wonderful, and melancholy life, died by suicide before he had completed his eighteenth year. Yet in that brief space of time he gave proofs of power unsurpassed in one so young, and executed a number of literary forgeries almost without parallel for ingenuity and variety.

To the eyes of his friends the early years of Chatterton were far from conveying any manifestation of unusual precocity, and such indications of the dawn of intellectual power as did appear were entirely misunderstood. He would sit for hours crying, or remain silent in a fit of abstraction, which was attributed to stupidity. Wayward and disinclined to study or pastime, he gave his friends great uneasiness, and until he was six and a half years old they thought him an absolute fool. But at this age a sudden change took place in him. His mother was one day tearing up for waste paper an old music folio which had belonged to her husband, when the illuminated capitals with which it was ornamented took the boy's fancy. As his mother expressed it, "he fell in love with it," and by its means she had no further difficulty in teaching him his letters. The power of reading was soon acquired by the help of a large old black-letter Bible, for he always objected to read in a small book. At eight years of age he was so eager for books that he read from the moment he waked, which was very early, until he went to bed, if permitted to do so.

His fits of abstraction seemed to take a still stronger hold upon him as he grew older. He would fall into reveries from which he could scarcely be roused, and then he would start up and ask what they were talking about. Sometimes after such a mood he would snatch up a pen and write incessantly. To avoid interruption he appropriated a small attic lumber-room, where it was his delight to lock himself up with books and materials for drawing, for which he had a natural taste. With characteristic love of secrecy, he kept the knowledge of this retreat as long as possible from his mother and sister, and it was only by accident that it was discovered, one day when search was made for him after he had been missing several hours. This incident forms the subject of the engraving on this page.

The writings which Chatterton passed off as originals he professed to have discovered in "Cannynge's Coffre," a chest preserved in the muniment-room of the old church of St. Mary Redcliffe, Bristol. These he produced gradually, generally taking advantage of some public occurrence likely to give them an interest. In October, 1768, a new bridge across the Avon was opened, and forthwith he sent an account of the ceremonies that took place on the opening of the old bridge—processions, tournaments, and religious solemnities. Mr. Burguin, who was fond of heraldic honors, he supplies with a pedigree reaching back to William the Conqueror. To another citizen he presents the *Romaunt of the Cnyghté*, written by one of his ancestors between four and five hundred years before. To a religious citizen he gives an ancient fragment of a sermon on the Holy Spirit, written by Thomas Rowley in the fifteenth century. To another with antiquarian tastes he gives an account of the churches of the city three hundred years before. And to Horace Walpole, who was busy writing the *History of British Painters*, he gives a record of Carvellers and Peyncters who once flourished in Bristol.

Besides all these forgeries he sent to the *Town and Country Magazine* a number of poems which occasioned a sharp controversy. Gray and Mason at once pronounced them spurious imitations, but many maintained their genuineness. Meanwhile Chatterton had obtained a release from the attorney's office where he had served for the last three years, and had gone to London. There he wrote for magazines and newspapers, gaining thereby a very precarious subsistence. At last he grew despondent, took to drinking, which aggravated his constitutional tendencies, and after being reduced to actual want, tore up his papers, and destroyed himself by taking arsenic. He was interred in the burying-ground of the Shoe Lane Work-house, and the citizens of Bristol afterward erected in their city a monument to his memory.



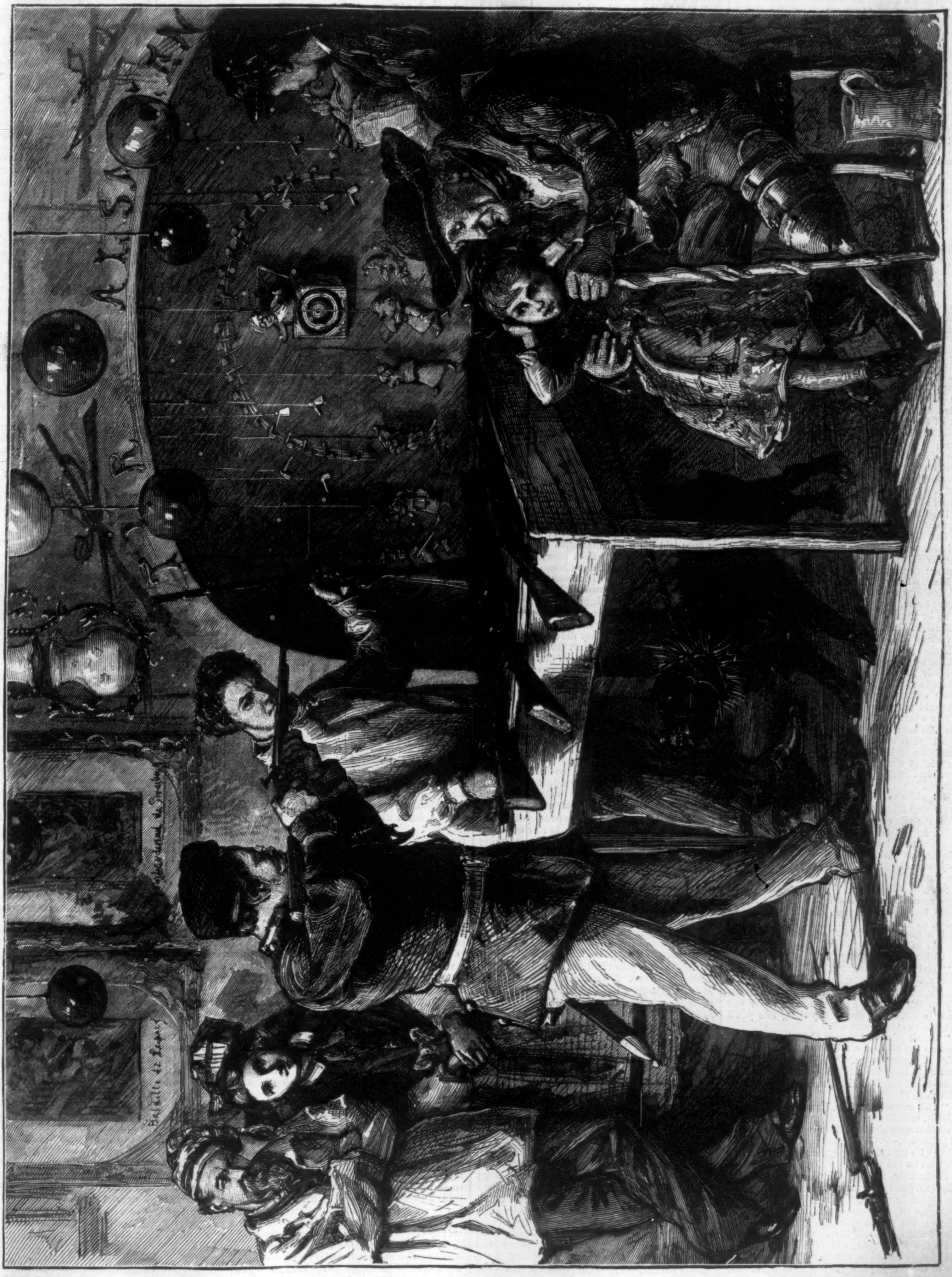
CHATTERTON DISCOVERED BY HIS MOTHER IN THE ATTIC.

IN THE SHOOTING-GALLERY.

The engraving on this page represents the interior of a shooting-gallery in the new German province of Alsatia. A Prussian soldier, whose needle-gun reposes peacefully on the floor, is about trying his luck, while around him are grouped Alsatian peasants, whose faces indicate that the animosities of the late war have already given way to a more fraternal sentiment. The young woman, especially, seems to regard the handsome and manly soldier with an admiration not unmixed with tenderness as she waits to note the success or failure of the shot.

The pathetic group on the right, evidently some old soldier of the empire and his little granddaughter, attracts attention by the abstraction of the old man. He is perhaps thinking of the great achievements of the first Emperor Napoleon, in which he took part, when Germany was even more crushed and humiliated than his beloved France is now, and when the name of Frenchman was synonymous with glory, conquest, and victory. Perhaps, like Heine's grenadier, he looks forward to some grand national awakening in the dim future, when France will arise like a strong man roused from sleep, sweep the "invaders" from the sacred soil, and restore the empire to its ancient boundaries. The little girl is evidently unused to such scenes. She clings closely to her grandfather, and puts both hands to her ears to shut out the noise of the gun.

The shooting-gallery in which our Prussian soldier is trying his skill as a marksman is very similar to many which may be seen open every day and evening in the Bowery and some other streets of New York. Grotesque figures, including caricatures of prominent soldiers, statesmen, and ecclesiastics, are grouped about the target. The "Jack-in-a-box" resembles M. Thiers, late President of the French republic; underneath him is suspended an effigy of the late Emperor Napoleon III., preceded by that of Pope Pius IX., and followed by that of no less a personage than Mr. Punch himself. The figure in front of his Holiness the Pope bears some resemblance to the present Emperor of Germany; but it is hardly to be supposed that the authorities would allow him to be shot at even in effigy. Every thing connected with royalty is supposed to possess some of that "divinity which doth hedge a king;" and in some German countries the postmasters used to be forbidden to put the impression of the office seal upon the royal features that adorned the postage stamp. It might be thought dangerous to permit even an effigy or a caricature of royalty to be treated with indignity. It might lead to serious consequences; familiarity may breed contempt even where kings and emperors are concerned.



IN THE SHOOTING-GALLERY.

SUBSTITUTION.

IT is to be!
Last night he followed me
Out into the dark and dewy garden walk.
So still the place,
I, seeing not his face,
Felt every least vibration of his talk.

He did not know
How sadly long ago
My heart had forgotten to thrill to passionate words;
Nor understand
That never another hand
Might wile responses from its slackened chords.

I, sitting pale,
The darkness for my veil—
Like one who, leaning at the water's side,
O'er the surges' war
Hears from the further shore
Far words, borne faintly forward with the tide—

In silence drooped
Until his head he stooped
So near, I felt his breath upon my cheek!
The old, old pain
Woke suddenly up again:
It was for memory's sake—not his—I did not speak!

THE HAUNTED CASK.

AFTERNOON on a bright, warm, voluptuous day, such as only the tropics can produce; in the foreground, the great panorama of Bombay outspread in the dazzling sunshine; behind, the broad blue sweep of the encircling sea, now in one of its holiday humors, dancing and sparkling as if nothing so wicked as a storm had ever entered its mind; and in the centre of the picture, the good ship *Australian*, bound from Bombay to Southampton, with freight and passengers as per advertisement.

The packet's time and steam are both very nearly up, and most of the "homeward-bound" are already on board. Several bronzed and bearded shekarries, laden with skins, not of wine, but of bears and tigers, and nervously anxious about the comfortable stowage of their favorite rifles; a good many very yellow-looking disciples of the H.E.I.C.S. overwhelmed by an avalanche of pugree; swarms of picturesque native servants, looking wofully chop-fallen at the prospect of a voyage across the "black water" to that dismal island where there is no sun, and a great deal too much fog; a statistical M.P. who has been out here to gather materials for a book upon the cost of the Indian Army, extracts from which he insists upon reading to every one he meets, a practice which has already earned him the name of the "Ancient Mariner;" a diplomatic young engineer, who, having brought on board a huge and ferocious cockatoo, as a present for his rich aunt at home, has just had his thumb nearly bitten off by the savage animal, and is trying to look as if it didn't hurt him; two or three clergymen of various denominations, sedulously avoiding each other; sundry officers going home on leave; and, better than all, an abundance of ladies. Sprightly ladies who have lost their husbands comforting forlorn ladies who have not yet found them; enterprising ladies who have been all over the world patronizing timid ladies who "daren't go any where by *themselves;*" strong-minded ladies who have come out with the intention of extirpating heathenism altogether (and are coming home without having done it) declaiming against the wicked obstinacy of the "benighted idolaters;" and others, besides, too numerous to mention.

But, although the packet might seem to be pretty well filled, the captain evidently does not think the tale complete, to judge by the way in which he is leaning over the side and looking shoreward. Plainly, there is "something more coming," as children say toward the end of a Christmas dinner; and here, sure enough, comes the "something more" at last, in the form of a slight, girlish-looking, very pretty young lady, in deep mourning, attended by two maids and a whole boatful of luggage, conspicuous amidst which, to the visible amazement of the lookers-on, is a huge, punchy, substantial-looking cask, capable of containing enough liquor to elevate the entire ship's company.

"Glad to see you again, Mrs. Errington; hope you'll be comfortable with us," says the captain, heartily, as his new passenger comes timidly up the side. "I've got all ready for you down below, and if there's any thing else you'd like, you've only to name it."

"Thank you very much, Captain Prescott," answers the lady, in a timid little voice like the chirp of a shy canary. "Will you be so *very* kind as to have these things taken down to my state-cabin—and—and that cask, please, along with them?"

"This moment, ma'am," answers the gallant skipper, manfully keeping down the shade of surprise that struggles into his face at this unexpected postscript.—"George, just pass that cask down along with the lady's luggage, and see that it don't get hurt on the road."

Fortunately, most of the passengers were too fully engrossed with their own concerns to notice the astounding "lady's companion" which Mrs. Errington thus commended to the captain's good offices; but the sailors were more observant. They exchanged looks big with solemn meaning; and a few hours later, when the shores of India had already begun to fade into the purple shadows of the evening sky, the "cask question" was brought forward for serious consideration by the Conscript Fathers of the forecastle.

"Did yer ever?"

"Ain't *that* a pretty start, just!"

"Who'd ever ha' thought it?"

"Well, I *am* blowed! To think o' a niminy-piminy little creetur like that 'ere, what yer might blow away wi' a puff out o' a baccy-pipe, layin' in as much grog as ud sarve a fore-mast man for a twelvemonth!"

"Well, what o' that?" remarks, sententiously, old Jack Davitt, the Solomon of the forecastle. "Mark my words, my bo's: it's just them as yer wouldn't expect to do things what allus *does* do 'em!"

"It's a burnin' shame, anyhow—that's what it is!" strikes in Bill Sawyer, whose fiery complexion shows that his interest in the liquor question is not purely theoretical. "To think o' one little bit of a 'ooman a-keepin' all that 'ere good stuff to herself, while there's hundreds o' God's creeturs a-pinin' (as one may say) for want on't!"

"Ay, Bill, yer may well be grumpy! sich a lot o' lush aboard, and you not a-goin' to get none!"

"And then they talks o' *our* drinkin'!" pursues Bill, too indignant to notice this innuendo. "Who ever seed one o' *us* drink a whole cask to once? And yet, I'll bet ye a week's grog, as that 'ere young 'ooman, when she gets ashore at Sou'ampton, 'ull be a-goin' on to every body 'bout 'the habitooal 'tostication o' English sailors!' Now what, I axes yer, *what* kind o' fair play d'ye call that 'ere?"

And the orator, overwhelmed by the thought of such monstrous injustice, relapses into gloomy silence.

But this theory speedily proves to be as unfounded as popular theories usually are. The way in which the obnoxious cask, when once fairly ensconced in a corner of Mrs. Errington's state-cabin, is walled in, or rather buried, by a mountain of trunks, boxes, and bags, amply vindicates the sobriety of its charming owner; for the most confirmed toper would hardly have taken the trouble to pull down and rebuild such a barricade every time that he might feel the need of "a drop of comfort." But the failure of this solution only enhanced the interest of the puzzle, not merely with the sailors, but among the passengers likewise. And, moreover, the mystery seemed to concentrate itself exclusively upon the cask; for with regard to herself, Mrs. Errington (whose winning ways and delicate beauty speedily made her a universal favorite) had no reserve whatever. It was soon known that she had come out from England about three years before with her husband, a wealthy civilian, considerably older than herself; that Mr. Errington had died in one of the up-country stations, bequeathing her the whole of his property; and that she was now returning to England, with the intention of remaining there. This union of wealth, beauty, and friendlessness, combined with the charmingly helpless timidity of her manner, at once laid the whole masculine section of the community at her feet—from pompous old Mr. Chutney, of the great Calcutta house of Chutney and Currie, down to mischievous little Ensign O'Naughtie, who was three years younger than herself—but the old adage of "Love me, love my dog," was in this case any thing but verified. Three-fourths of the bachelor passengers loved Mrs. Errington, or *said* they did; but they were very far from loving her cask likewise. Their only feeling toward it was one of direct personal hostility. An article so closely guarded by its mistress, and involving a secret which she refused to impart to them, was clearly a dangerous rival; and but for the manner in which this unpopular talisman was entombed beneath unnumbered packages, some of these audacious spirits would very probably have attempted its destruction, or, at any rate, the probing of the mystery of its contents.

"Too bad, Sir—altogether too bad!" said Mr. Chutney to his friend and confidant Noliver, of the H.E.I.C.S. "We ought to memorialize the captain about it; 'pon my word, we ought. It's intolerable that a community of respectable Englishmen should be hag-ridden in this way by a confounded cask that nobody knows any thing about."

During the first part of the voyage—namely, from Bombay to the Cape—this novel kind of Pandora's box had a clear field; for after the first bustle of settling down had subsided, the monotony of the passage was unbroken. No shark was obliging enough to catch himself for the general amusement. The albicores and flying-fish obstinately declined to "break the glittering surface with their elfin gambols," according to the form prescribed for them by would-be nautical novelists. Not a single water-spout could be induced to show its face; and considerable excitement was created one morning by the M.P. announcing that "the steward had just mentioned to him having heard the second engineer say that one of the men thought he had seen a sail." In this universal dearth of events, it was not surprising that Mrs. Errington's mysterious possession should assume as prominent an interest as if it had been the casque of Mambrino himself, or that which crushed Master Conrad so unexpectedly in the *Castle of Otranto.* The *Letters of Junius, the Man with the Iron Mask*, were not more absorbingly interesting, or more hopelessly unfathomable. It became the subject of more wagers than the Derby, or Mr. Wilkie Collins's *Dead Secret.* The captain and first mate discussed it nightly over their eight-o'clock grog; the blue-jacketed parliament in the cook's gallery resolved itself into a perpetual Committee of Inquiry on the subject, and always ended by moving that "there must be summut wrong 'bout it"—John Bull's invariable verdict upon any thing which he can not understand. The pretty Miss Fisher, from Poonah, being "surprised by a wholly unexpected proposal" from Captain Veriphast of the —th Native Infantry, accepted him conditionally upon his "finding out all about that horrid cask." The literary M.P. gave it a place in his book upon the Indian Army. Judge Uppinlaw, of the High Court, who was as fond of technical definitions as he was of brandy-pawnee, "summed up" Mrs. Errington as "a positive angel modified by a latent cask." Young Melloughdey, the poet of the Mullagatawny Club (going home on leave), actually worked it into a song, which he wrote off the Mauritius, commencing:

> "My soul is like a spacious cask,
> With Love hooped up within;"

and Mr. Chutney, after supping upon cold pork and Welsh rare-bit, washed down with two bottles of stout, awoke yelling from a hideous dream of being crushed to death by the National Debt in the shape of a cask. The young engineer suggested that the mystic puncheon must contain some new fashion of crinoline, packed in that way to preserve its rounded proportions. One of Mrs. Errington's chosen female intimates—a lady of proverbial courage—hit upon the brilliant idea of asking her, point-blank, what the cask contained; but the charming widow only cast down her eyes, and answered, with her most bewitchingly childish air, that it was a special keepsake, which no one must know about yet.

As the voyage wore on, a new subject of interest began to dispute the supremacy of the famous cask—namely, the competition of suitors for the good graces of its charming owner. This rivalry had now grown more defined and palpable, owing to the fact that (as Colonel Rasper of the —th Plungers elegantly expressed it) "the pace was getting severe, and the weedy ones were beginning to tail off." Captain Veriphast had been "withdrawn" by his attachment to Miss Fisher, whose name the young engineer, his cabin-fellow, ungallantly paraphrased into "the judicious Hooker." Ensign O'Naughtie, after a day or two's philandering, had likewise "dropped out of the running"—remarking, with the air of a connoisseur, that these *very* young women were not his style; which, she being only twenty-two, and he fully nineteen, was natural enough. Old Mr. Chutney, who at first seemed to be further gone than any one, found a salutary check to his passion in "the unwarrantable way in which he had been bullied by that abominable cask," which appeared to have assumed in his eyes the haunting individuality of an evil spirit.

But, notwithstanding these defections, a large number of worshipers still remained true to their allegiance, and of these the most conspicuous was unquestionably Major Leyd E. Kyller, of the —th Light Infantry. Rich enough to have no thought of marriage as a speculation, *blasé* enough to care little for flirtation as an amusement, he had at first devoted himself to the charming widow with that quiet, confident, half-condescending ease with which the experienced *militaire* of our time is wont to monopolize the prettiest woman in a company. But he was playing with edged tools. Mrs. Errington was just one of those dangerous little creatures whom men pet and protect as children till they suddenly find themselves falling in love with them as women; and it soon became abundantly evident that the novice was more than a match for the veteran. It was curious to see how this man—the admired wit of Bombay dinner-tables, the chosen leader of Simla picnics and up-country gatherings—lost all his wonted fluency and self-reliance as soon as he entered the enchanted circle; and to notice the deep, earnest, tender look which softened and almost glorified his disciplined face, while he talked with the one woman whom he cared for. The finer nature of the man was aroused, as it always must be, at the first touch of a pure and manly affection; and as it awoke, all his apt compliments and well-turned phrases, all the conversational sleights-of-hand which had served him with ordinary women, forsook him one by one. At times he was so absolutely silent in her presence as to make an Irish brother-officer remark that "the meejor niver spoke a worrd when he was *talking* to Mrs. Errington." Perhaps the young lady herself was not wholly unconscious of this; but only once did she hazard any allusion to it. They happened to be left together on deck for a few minutes, and the major instantly became so flagrantly tongue-tied that she ventured to rally him upon the loss of his proverbial fluency.

"How very thoughtful you are to-day, Major Kyller; you must be inventing some wonderful compliment for one of the ladies yonder. I suppose they take up so many of your pretty speeches that you have none to spare for poor little me!"

The words themselves were not much; but the tone in which they were spoken, and the look that shot them home, might have shaken any man's nerve. The strong soldier shivered from head to foot, as he had never done in marching up to the muzzles of the big guns at Sobraon.

"So you think I'm nothing but a flatterer!" said he, bitterly. "Well, perhaps I am to the others; but with *you* it's different. I can't look in your face, and insult you by stringing together pretty speeches such as I'd repeat to any woman I met by chance in a drawing-room. In *your* presence, I must speak the truth, come what may."

She had the tact to change the conversation, and to break off their *tête-à-tête* as soon as possible; but there was a shade more of kindness in her manner toward him from that time. Let small wits sneer as they will at "the power of flattery over women," simple manly earnestness has its weight, nevertheless.

All this time our friend Bill Sawyer (whom we have neglected far too much of late) was any thing but easy in his mind. He had, indeed, in common with every one else on board, abandoned the theory of Mrs. Errington's taste for liquor; but this only whetted his curiosity with respect to the mysterious cask. It haunted him like the recollection of an unfulfilled duty. He felt himself humbled, both as a man and a sailor, by the existence of a secret which he could not penetrate, and a supply of liquor which he had not shared. He became silent and meditative, as if absorbed in the elaboration of some great project; and, one evening, after a silence so prolonged as to make Jem Blackett, the wit of the forecastle, hint that "Bill must ha' run his tongue aground atwixt two o' his back teeth," he suddenly began as follows: "Tell ye what it is, my bo's—I can't get that 'ere cask out o' my head!"

"Which on 'em, Bill? There's a-many casks got into your head since you fust cum aboard!"

"Stop your chaff, and listen to me. Fust goin' off, I was fool enough to think as how that 'ere blessed little hangel meant to drink it all herself, but now I knows better."

"In course yer does, Bill, now that you wants some on't yourself."

"Just hold your jaw, and listen to me, will yer? If there ain't no liquor in that 'ere cask, why, then, there ain't; but if there *be*, why, then, ye know, liquor's liquor. Now that's just what I means to find out afore I'm a day older."

"And how are you a-goin' for to do that, Bill?"

"I knows what I knows," answered Bill, oracularly. "I warn't born at six o'clock yesterday mornin', *I* warn't. Just you wait a bit."

On the following evening, Bill appeared before his congregated messmates with an air of conscious merit.

"Well, my hearties, I told yer as I'd find out, and I *done* it!"

"Long life to yer, Bill! you're the boy. How did yer do the trick?"

"Well, I goes aft, so as to come close past where Madam Herrinton was a-sittin', and says I to Sam Jones: 'Sam,' says I, 'if this 'ere heat holds on much longer, some of them spirit-casks 'ull be a-bustin', for sure!' My eyes! you should just ha' seed the face as madam put on, for all the world like a landlubber when he begins for to feel the up and down o' blue water. That 'ere cask's chock-full o' liquor, I'll take my davy; and if I don't have a taste on't afore ever we sights old England agin, I'm a Dutchman!"

"But hark ye, Bill," struck in Jem Blackett, who was beginning to be jealous of Bill's sudden rise to distinction, "if yer goes and takes some un else's grog, ain't that rayther like thievin', somehow?"

"Jem," answered Bill, in the tone of Socrates "shutting up" Protagoras, "you talks like a fool. Answer me this, will yer? Ain't liquor made for to be drunk?"

Unanimous agreement on the part of the assembly.

"Secondly," pursued Bill, with a logical air, "if you grants me as how liquor's made to be drunk, don't it stand to reason as it *can't* be drunk if there ain't nobody to drink it?"

Fresh signs of assent to this incontestable proposition.

"Well, then," concluded Bill, with the calm triumph of a great reasoner who has succeeded in descending to the level of his audience, "it's as plain as the compass that if somebody's got a lot o' liquor, and don't drink it, somebody else must. If folk *will* misuse the gifts o' Providence that 'ere way, I feels it my dooty to prevent 'em. Now hark ye, mates, I promises, and vows solemnly, here, afore yer all, as I'll have a swig out o' that 'ere cask afore the end o' the v'y'ge, if I dies for it!"

In this wise did Bill Sawyer, bravely as any Knight of the Round Table, undertake this new Quest of the Sangreal.

Meanwhile Mrs. Errington's flirtation with the major appeared, to most observers, to have died a natural death; just as, when the guns cease firing to let the assaulting column rush on, men unversed in war might think the siege abandoned. For several days she had sedulously avoided him; and he, singularly enough, appeared not a whit cast down thereby. Love is not always blind; and what he saw might well give him courage. Mrs. Errington's short-lived confidence in her power over this strong will and daring nature had vanished as suddenly as it came. She could not forget the stern emphasis of the words which rang in her ears night and day: "In *your* presence I must tell the truth, come what will!" His tone and manner had told it only too clearly already; and she felt that, when he came to utter that truth in actual words, she must perforce answer him plainly, without artifice or evasion. And what answer was she to give? The time had been when she could have laughed him into silence, or abashed him with a look; but *now* she dared not even attempt it.

In this fashion things proceeded for about a week, during which time the indefatigable ensign (who, though considerably the youngest of the community, appeared to have fairly carried his election as Master of the Ceremonies) conceived the brilliant idea of adding to the evening amusements what he was pleased to call "an orchestra between the acts"—or, in other words, a few songs in the intervals of the dances, serving the double purpose of varying the entertainment and giving a breathing-time to the less practiced dancers. The new plan had an immense success. A vast amount of hitherto unsuspected talent was suddenly brought to light; and Colonel Footyn Grave, a wiry old *sabreur* who had lost a leg in some forgotten skirmish of the Sikh war, astonished the whole community by his performance of the brave old German song of *The Crippled Soldier*, which, as he naïvely remarked, had always struck him as particularly appropriate to himself:

> "A cannon-ball comes flying,
> And knocks my leg off clear;
> Well, where's the use of crying?
> *Wood's* cheap enough down here.
> One shoe and stocking less—and so
> So much more money saved, you know,
> To buy good German beer!"

At last there came a day when the major spoke out. On a quiet evening, when all was still except the sounds of merry-making on the after-deck, he espied her, a little apart from the dancers, leaning over the side, in the shadowy splendor of the moonlight, and gazing dreamily into the glittering foam. Now or never! He went straight to her as he would have marched up to a battery, and asked bravely enough, but with a tightening round his heart which he had never felt when he threw himself bare-headed among the Sikh tulwars, the question upon which hung the whole of his future life.

She must have been less than woman had she not been prepared for such an occurrence; but, nevertheless, it tasked her sorely when it came. To give no answer was impossible: to answer decisively, in the flutter of her unstrung nerves, was almost equally so. Like a true woman, she essayed to temporize.

"Give me time," she pleaded, "only a little time, to think it over."

"Time to think it over!" echoed the major's deep voice, with the faintest tinge of scorn in its tone: "have you been unconscious of it, then, till now?"

A Dutch fortress, when hard pressed, opens its sluices and inundates the whole scene of action; a woman, when driven to extremity, invariably resorts to the same expedient: Mrs. Errington burst into tears.

"You're too hard upon me," she sobbed, in the tone of a distressed child: "how can you talk to me like this, when my poor husband has been only three months in his—grave?" (She brought out the last word with an effort, as if it required some thought to recollect whether he *had* a grave or not.) "How can you expect me to think of a new love already? If I were to forget him so soon, I could not expect him to lie quiet in his grave!"

The words had barely passed her lips when the air shook with a tremendous explosion from the cabin, followed by a yell like that of a scalded hyena—and then the sound of a heavy fall.

"Murder!"

"Suicide!"

"Boiler burst!"

"Powder-flask!"

"Sprung a leak!"

Shouting these and other conjectures, the whole throng rushed pell-mell into the cabin, where a strange sight awaited them. But in order to explain all this, we must go back a little.

Bill Sawyer, like a true Englishman, had never once wavered in his resolution, or ceased to watch for a chance of carrying it out; but for some time Fate seemed persistently adverse. The covered cask remained securely entombed in its sarcophagus of baggage; and the few flying visits which Bill contrived to pay to the first-class cabin served only to assure him of this unwelcome fact. Could he but have got the cabin to himself for a single quarter of an hour, his brawny arms would have made light of the intervening barricade; but this was precisely what he could never succeed in doing. Seldom enough could he coin any plausible pretext for intruding upon the sacred ground; and even when he did, the coast never seemed to be perfectly clear.

"Too bad, by jingo!" growled the disappointed explorer, as he returned, one evening, from a fruitless reconnaissance. "I'm blest if there ain't always *somebody* a-hangin' about that 'ere cabin, without bein' axed."

Mr. Sawyer's righteous indignation probably hindered him from seeing how completely this remark applied to himself; but his shipmates were quicker of apprehension, and greeted it with a roar of laughter that made his ears tingle. In fact, the poor fellow's life had now become a burden to him, from the unsparing banter of his comrades upon the long-delayed fulfillment of his rash promise. From old Jack Davitt down to little Joe the cabin-boy, every one had his fling at Bill.

"Bill, my hearty, ain't yer gettin' awful thirsty, a-waitin' for your liquor so long?"

"You'd best look sharp, Bill; if yer don't do the trick afore we sights Old England, we'll have yer up for par-jerry—blest if we don't!"

"Tell yer what, Bill—you go and drown yerself, and then they'll give yer a swig o' the lush to bring yer round!"

"Come, boys, you leave Bill alone; don't yer see he's a-goin' to wait till the last day of the v'yage, and then drink the whole cask at one swig!"

And so on by the hour, till poor Bill began to have serious thoughts of murder or suicide.

But, as the good old Russian proverb has it, "To every man his hour, if he will but wait for it;" and deliverance came at last to the much-enduring Bill, in a very unexpected way. On the very day of the major's proposal, Mrs. Errington had suddenly recollected some ravishing article of mourning toilet which she had not yet introduced to the notice of the community, and which (according to the immemorial custom of articles when particularly wanted) turned out to be in the most un-get-at-able of her many boxes, the very foundation-stone of the great pyramid. As a natural consequence, the whole edifice had to be pulled down; and Mrs. Errington's servants, who received strict orders to put the things in their places again forthwith, postponed the execution of the order (as usual) till such time as they should have nothing better to do, and left every thing *in statu quo*. Bill—who, having satisfied himself that all the passengers were on deck as usual, had stolen in, hopelessly enough, to go through the form of reconnoitring—was not slow to appreciate this astounding gift of fortune.

"Talk o' miracles!" muttered the devout adventurer; "if *this* ain't one, I'm a Dutchman! Here's a lot o' good liquor a-runnin' to waste, raal unchrist'n-like; and here am I, an honest sailor, wantin' to make a good use on't; and here's the way opened for me all to once, just like as it was done o' purpose! Folk may well say as how there's a Providence in every thing!"

With this pious acknowledgment, Bill stepped briskly forward, and had just laid his hand upon the long-coveted prize, when suddenly, with a crash like the report of a mitrailleuse, the top of the cask flew in shivers, and up from the frothing liquid sprang a human head, gaunt, livid, ghastly, with lack-lustre eyes and grinning teeth, which, in the dim light, seemed to gnash as if thirsting for blood.

What Bill said or did he could never recollect. According to the subsequent testimony of the steward (who was the first to arrive on the scene of action), he "sung out as if he was a-hailin' a ferry-boat across the Channel, and then flopped down as flat as a flounder!" At all events, he lay senseless in the doorway of Mrs. Errington's state-cabin, half in and half out, just as the tide of passengers came pouring in *en masse*.

"Well, I declare," cried Mrs. Errington, sobbing with indignation, "that horrid man has actually been trying to steal the spirits out of my cask! I promised my poor dear husband that I'd carry his body home to England; but I said nothing about it, for fear of those dreadful sailors making a work about having a dead body on board; and now the cask's burst with the heat, and that wicked wretch has got a fine fright—and serve him quite right too!"

So saying, she fainted away in the outstretched arms of Major Kyller, who, anticipating some such catastrophe, had skillfully taken up his position beside her. To this day, the old soldier has not forgotten the incident. "My wife may look delicate, Sir," he will say, "but she's not one of your hysterical sort, I can promise you! She never fainted but once in her whole life, and that was on board of a Bombay steamer, when—" etc., etc.

But however bad Mrs. Errington might be, poor Bill Sawyer was infinitely worse. He had indeed "got a fine fright"—so fine, in fact, as to keep him under the doctor's hands for the remainder of the voyage. The first act of his convalescence was to take the pledge; and he is now (to use his own phrase) "drawn up high and dry on shore," as the landlord of a temperance hotel, in the club-room of which he occasionally figures as a teetotal lecturer, with brilliant success. But he has never forgotten his terrible adventure; and to this very day (as you can hardly talk with him for half an hour without discovering) he remains firmly convinced that the Enemy of Mankind, for some inscrutable purpose of his own, introduced himself into the fatal cask with the view of entrapping him, Bill Sawyer, into "drinkin' some o' him," and thereby, of course, forfeiting all hope of well-being both here and hereafter. The story of his rash vow, and its supernatural defeat, entertains a wondering circle every night in the parlor of the Teetotalers' Arms; and the narrator (who, toward the close of his tale, never fails to call attention to the neat little clock on the chimney-piece, presented to him, in token of forgiveness, by Mrs. Major Kyller) invariably winds up his recital with the same emphatic sentence:

"So, then, d'ye see, my lads, when I cum out o' dock, and was in cruisin' horder agin, I made a solemn vow as I'd never touch a drop o' liquor no more, to the very end o' my born days, for no consideration whatsomedever; and I think I may say as *I've kep' that 'ere vow a trifle better nor I did t'other un!*"

DANDIES *VERSUS* MEN.

IT is generally conceded that the prettier a woman makes herself, the more credit is due to her. It is accepted as the natural order of things that she should spend a large portion of her time before a mirror, and in devising means to enhance her attractiveness. So long as she makes herself beautiful, minor imperfections, such as vanity, unthriftiness, intellectual shallowness, and indolence, can be readily forgiven her. At least so judges the world. A few philosophers unsparingly condemn this view, perhaps, declaring that its effect is to make woman a mere toy and plaything, incapable of lofty aspirations or earnest work; but the murmurings of these thinkers seem to affect no one but themselves, and fail to induce any visible alteration in public thought. Many who grumble at women do so not because women give much time and trouble to their self-adornment, but because they do so to little purpose. They may regret to see them aping such a malformation as the Grecian bend, but they would not think it a pity if the personal inconvenience endured by the actresses were gone through with a more satisfactory result. Thus it may be said that women are privileged beings, and that they are not, at any rate, thought the worse of because they exhibit a great deal of conceit, and go out of their way to attract attention. Simple compassion is felt for them when, in their endeavor to display a great deal of finery, and by so doing indicate the length of the purse from which they may freely draw supplies, they encumber themselves with a load which is difficult to bear, and look something like traveling mountebanks.

The case is very different so far as men are concerned. An overdressed man at first sight conveys the impression to nine beholders out of ten that he is a brainless puppy. The whiteness of his well-kept hand is intuitively deemed a reproach rather than a credit to him. When most people look at his fine clothes they murmur a statement that he would be all the better if he were stripped of them, and placed in such circumstances that he would have to work hard to gain his daily bread. The reason for all this is that it is universally felt that man was made for use, not ornament, and that he is not doing his duty either to himself or those by whom he is surrounded if he is not engaged in some active sphere of usefulness. It aggravates the man who works to look at the man who is able to get along in the world, clothing himself in the finest raiment, surrounding himself with all the beauties and comforts which art and science can produce, and living upon the fat of the land, without doing any thing at all. It is not the sight of rich ladies reclining indolently in luxurious carriages so much as the vision of extensively got-up dandies taking their ease, which rouses the advocate of communistic principles to a state of absolute frenzy. The latter argues that it is monstrous he should be compelled to labor in order that the former may be in a position to abrogate all that is manly in them.

Allied to this feeling of indignation there is one of thorough contempt. Your man of communistic proclivities feels that he is in all respects superior to the kid-gloved dandy, and that it is only by a peculiar combination of circumstances, arising from the fact that our social system is radically at fault, that his enemy maintains his position of superiority. It is argued that were the two placed somewhere where they had both to depend upon their own efforts, it would quickly be found that the dandy would prove himself what he is, a useless incumbrance. Possibly the dandy may be, in nine cases out of every ten, effeminate and not overburdened with brains, but there is no doubt whatever about one fact: he commands a certain amount of respect. Even your socialist will, almost in spite of himself, become rather awed when he is brought in contact with a dashing specimen of the order. He will assume a conciliatory tone, he will adopt a humble mien, and he will submissively give in to the man whom he professes so greatly to despise and loathe. He hates himself because he so acts; he heaps denunciations on the head of him who extorts an unwilling homage when he escapes from the sphere of his influence; but the "fine feathers," added to the manner which the "fine feathers" help to sustain, are too much for him to hope to combat openly and successfully.

Perhaps all this is owing to the fact that pronounced dandyism is supposed to represent a certain amount of wealth and a certain social status. Certainly to the circumstance that fine clothes exercise such an influence, we owe the possession of so many men in our midst who ostentatiously ape the dandy, who may be said to study but one art, viz., that of dressing themselves. When it is evident to the most obtuse that the man whom the little Arabs of the street look after and call a "swell" has a manifest advantage over the individual who clothes himself in a very ordinary fashion, it would be surprising if many men did not undertake the *rôle* indicated. There should be no mistake in judging dandies. They are of two distinct classes. The one is led to act as he does because he is innately conceited, and is so addle-pated that he can appreciate but one fact, viz., that it is only by extravagantly overdressing himself he can hope to attract any attention, favorable or otherwise. Perhaps he imagines that he has a good figure, which should be seen to the best advantage, or perhaps he wishes to be taken for one of the aristocrats of the community. But whatever be his ostensible object, his conduct has its rise in overweening vanity, and is a tacit confession that he has no faith in his own powers. The other class is actuated by different motives. A man feels doubtful about his position, which, naturally, he desires to sustain. It is not surprising, then, that he is led to ape the eccentric foppishness and lavender-water style which is probably affected by many of those with whom he desires to associate. Thus, in this case, dandyism is a means to an end. A better one might be chosen, no doubt, but still the fact is as we have stated. Many who attempt to play this little game come to grief. It is impossible to avoid noticing the startling incongruities of some men's attire. Flashy every thing is, but then one portion is positively shabby and dirty, while the other is simply remarkable for its brilliancy and new look. Moreover, there are often little evidences showing that the actor really does not know how society requires a man should be dressed. The reason for this is very simple. The class now under notice are of imperfect education, and their early training has been received amidst associations not calculated to enforce a knowledge of the proprieties.

THE WARM FULL MOON.

POETS have so long sung of the cold, chaste moon, pallid with weariness of her long watch upon the earth (according to the image used alike by Wordsworth and Shelley), that it seems strange to learn from science that the full moon is so intensely hot that no creature known to us could long endure contact with her heated surface. Such is the latest news which science has brought us respecting our satellite. The news is not altogether unexpected; in fact, reasoning had shown, long before the fact had been demonstrated, that it must be so. The astronomer knows that the surface of the moon is exposed during the long lunar day, lasting a fortnight of our terrestrial time, to the rays of a sun as powerful as that which gives us our daily heat. Without an atmosphere to temper the sun's heat as ours does—not, indeed, by impeding the passage of the solar rays, but by bearing aloft the cloud-veil which the sun raises from our oceans—the moon's surface must become intensely hot long before the middle of the lunar day. Undoubtedly the want of an atmosphere causes the moon's heat to be rapidly radiated away into space. It is our atmosphere which causes a steady heat to prevail on our earth. And at the summits of lofty mountains, where the atmosphere is rare, although the mid-day heat is intense, yet so rapidly does the heat pass away that snow crowns forever the mountain heights. Yet although the moon's heat must pass away even more rapidly, this does not prevent the heating of the moon's actual surface any more than the rarity of the air prevents the Alpine traveler from feeling the action of the sun's direct heat even when the air in shadow is icily cold. Sir John Herschel long since pointed out that the moon's surface must be heated at lunar mid-day to a degree probably surpassing the heat of boiling water.

Such, in point of fact, has now been proved to be the case. The Earl of Rosse has shown by experiments which need not here be described that the moon not only reflects heat to the earth (which, of course, must be the case), but that she gives out heat by which she has been herself warmed. The distinction may not perhaps appear clear at first sight to every reader, but it may easily be explained and illustrated. If, on a bright summer's day, we take a piece of smooth but not too well polished metal, and by means of it reflect the sun's light upon the face, a sensation of heat will be experienced. This is reflected sun-heat. But if we wait while so holding the metal until the plate has become quite hot under the solar rays, we shall recognize a sensation of heat from the mere proximity of the plate to the face, even when the plate is so held as not to reflect sun-heat. We can in succession try—first, reflected heat alone, before the metal has grown hot; next, the heat which the metal gives out of itself when warmed by the sun's rays; and lastly, the two kinds of heat together, when the metal is caused to reflect sun-heat, and also (being held near the face) to give out a sensible quantity of its own warmth. What Lord Rosse has done has been to show that the full moon sends earthward both kinds of heat: she reflects solar heat just as she reflects solar light, and she also gives out the heat by which her own surface has been warmed.

It may perhaps occur to the reader to inquire how much heat we actually obtain from the full moon. There is a simple way of viewing the matter. If the full moon were exactly as hot as boiling water, we should receive from her just as much heat (leaving the effect of our atmosphere out of account) as we should receive from a small globe as hot as boiling water, and at such a distance as to *look* just as large as the moon does. Or a disk of metal would serve equally well. The experiment may be easily tried. An old-fashioned penny is just one inch in diameter, and as the moon's average distance is about 111 times her own diameter, a penny at a distance of 111 inches, or three yards and three inches, looks just as large as the moon. Now let a penny be put in boiling water for a while, so that it becomes as hot as the water; then that coin, taken quickly and set three yards from the observer, will give out for the few moments that its heat remains appreciably that of boiling water so much heat to the observer as he receives from the full moon supposed to be as hot as boiling water. Or a globe of thin metal, one inch in diameter, and full of water at boiling heat, would serve as a more constant artificial moon in respect of heat-supply. It need not be thought remarkable, then, if the heat given out by the full moon is not easily measured, or even recognized. Imagine how little the cold of a winter's day would be relieved by the presence in a room no otherwise warmed of a one-inch globe of boiling water three yards away! And, by-the-way, we are here reminded of an estimate by Professor C. P. Smyth, resulting from observations made on the moon's heat during his Teneriffe experiments. He found the heat equal to that emitted by the hand at a distance of three feet.

But, after all, the most interesting results flowing from the recent researches are those which relate to the moon herself. We can not but speculate on the condition of a world so strangely circumstanced that a cold more bitter than that of our Arctic nights alternates with a heat exceeding that of boiling water. It is strange to think that the calm-looking moon is exposed to such extraordinary vicissitudes. There can scarcely be life in any part of the moon—unless it be under-ground life, like that of the Modoc Indians (we commend this idea specially to the more ardent advocates of Brewsterian ideas respecting other worlds than ours). And yet there must be a singularly active mechanical progress at work in yonder orb. The moon's substance must expand and contract marvelously as the alternate waves of heat and cold pass over it. The material of that crater-covered surface must be positively crumbling away under the effects of these expansions and contractions. The most plastic terrestrial substances could not long endure such processes, and it seems altogether unlikely that any part of the moon's crust is at all plastic. Can we wonder if from time to time astronomers tell us of apparent changes in the moon—a wall sinking here, or a crater vanishing elsewhere? The wonder rather is that the steep and lofty lunar mountains have not been shaken long since to their very foundations.

Our moon presents, in fact, a strange problem for our investigation. It is gratifying to us terrestrials to regard her as a mere satellite of the earth, but in reality she deserves rather to be regarded as a companion planet.

ON THE AMAZON.

ALMOST every variety of monkey is to be found in the dense forests of the vast region drained by the Amazon, the most intelligent being the mono blanco, or white monkey. There is also the coto, or howling ape, the choro, or gray monkey, with a most human expression—the Indian women make pets of the young of these, always either carrying them in their hair or under the arm, and feeding them at their meal-times. Then there is a monkey with a scarlet face, which the Indians call a Gringo, because they say it resembles an Englishman. The flesh of the makisappa, a large species of spider-monkey, is quite equal to hare. Besides these there are many smaller monkeys of different species.

The Amazonian forests are of the densest possible character, the undergrowth being so tangled, matted, and interwoven as to appear at first sight impenetrable; yet the Indians are always sure of their way. Mr. LA MERT describes that on one